

Week ending May 6, 1934

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

CAN WOMEN MAKE GOOD
AS BARRISTERS?

PAGE 5



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by A. R. Thomson, R.A.

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Getting Out of Palestine

BRITAIN'S RESPONSIBILITY for the fate of Jews and Arabs in Palestine will cease next weekend.

Our Government is right in firmly sticking to its decision to end the mandate.

We cannot heed those who denounce us on the grounds that our military withdrawal will intensify the horrors of civil war, hitherto held in partial check by British troops.

Who are the bitterest critics? They are the very people who have always most savagely attacked our policy and methods in Palestine; who could see nothing right in the presence there of a British administration which restricted Jewish immigration on the one hand and Arab counter-action on the other.

These critics cannot have it both ways. They are shown up by their change of front as mere hysterical and hypocritical propagandists.

The truth is that the problem of Palestine has changed utterly since we took on the mandate. Once, it was a local problem, part of our imperial heritage, and not complicated by events in Europe and America.

But today Palestine is truly an international problem. The tragic little country can now only be the collective responsibility of all the world—in other words, of the United Nations.

It cannot be our fault that U.N.O. has not grappled effectively with Arab-Jewish rivalry and the horrors which arise from it.

Since the war, we have been in Palestine only to keep order. We have failed; but we can honestly say we had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Now, other nations must play their part in grappling with this tragedy.

The death of every British soldier murdered in brutal guerrilla warfare increases the resolve of our people that an impossible situation must end forthwith.

Housing Looks Hopeful

THIS MONTH'S HOUSING FIGURES, says Aneurin Bevan, will be "still nicer" than the previous lot, which were "very nice indeed."

He expects that the bulk of the housing programme will have been completed by the date of the next General Election, which is due in 1950.

These are bold words, and we hope Mr. Bevan is right.

In the last three years many prophecies have gone astray. But we believe that this one is justified. The houses are going up; the tenants are moving in. Moreover, the rate of completions, in spite of all handicaps, goes on increasing.

Labour troubles in the industry are at a minimum; the brick famine has ended; and the worst shortage, that of timber, yields slowly to unceasing efforts to get supplies from new sources abroad.

Meanwhile, what Bevan's critics dislike most is his insistence on housing by local authorities rather than by private builders. The objection is partly a matter of political principle and partly one of resentment over lost profits.

But the ordinary people don't care who builds the houses, so long as they go up and are let at reasonable rents.

The appalling racket in furnished and other uncontrolled rents, and the extortionate prices asked for prewar houses, are a poor

advertisement for letting unrestricted private enterprise have its head in the building trade.

In any event, we shall judge Bevan by results. He has aroused great expectations by his optimistic statement that "the teething troubles of the housing programme are now over."

Hundreds of thousands of people still without houses of their own will remember those words and watch for speedier fulfilment of their hopes.

Don't let them down, Aneurin!

Halt the Hooligans

AS IF WE WEREN'T ALREADY hard put to it to rebuild, repair and beautify our towns; as if we weren't short of labour and materials; as if we didn't care for decent behaviour; vandals, hooligans and alcoholics are causing a wave of damage in parks which are mostly still unrailed.

Where railings are restored, so that parks can be closed to the public at night, damage and looting stops.

What a commentary on the manners of a small, irresponsible section of the population!

How are we to deal with them? Unlike the bad boys who gang up to burgle sheds and raid allotments, these grown-up vandals cannot be tackled through schools and youth organizations.

As they have no sense and no conscience, prevention seems less easy than cure. A man who enjoys throwing Hyde Park's deck chairs into the Serpentine or sinking the boats on a children's playpool is not likely to respond to sober persuasion, either from local authorities or the Press.

But if he is caught at his senseless revels, hauled off to the cells and smartly punished next morning, he will probably decide there are safer ways of having fun.

It is hard luck on the police that, in the middle of a serious crime wave, they should be expected to curb the exploits of destructive morons. And there are not nearly enough park-keepers, in London or the provinces.

Once again it looks as if the public will have to help protect itself from its own worst members. If you see a vandal at work, stop him. If he won't stop call the police.

Reviving a Lost Craft

WE TAKE AN OCCASIONAL thatched roof for granted as part of the British country scene. Yet in another twenty years that would have vanished if the Ministry of Labour had not stepped in to revive a lost craft.

Thatching is a highly skilled business which lately young countrymen haven't bothered to learn. Now, newcomers to the job have responded to a Government appeal and are being trained.

This is a great gain, not only because thatch is prettier to look at than slate or tile, but because, when other building materials are short, we may as well use one which is abundant.

And while George Isaacs, Minister of Labour, is rescuing thatch he might come to the aid of other useful country crafts which seem to be dying out.

For example, the skill of making a "live fence" by chopping and twisting the growing branches of a hedge to form a neat, impenetrable weave. Few hedgers know the trick today. Cheap wire fencing killed the craft before the war—now we need it again.

Time marches on!

We've all a job to do, a part to play

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That's why I ask just now

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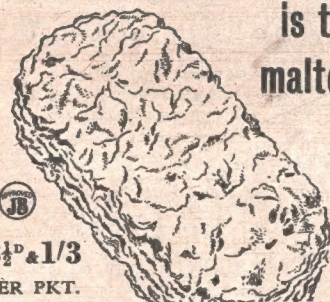


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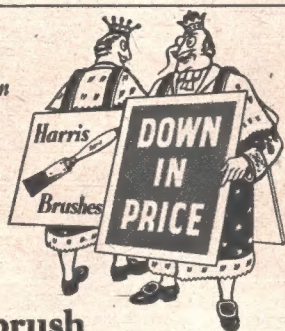
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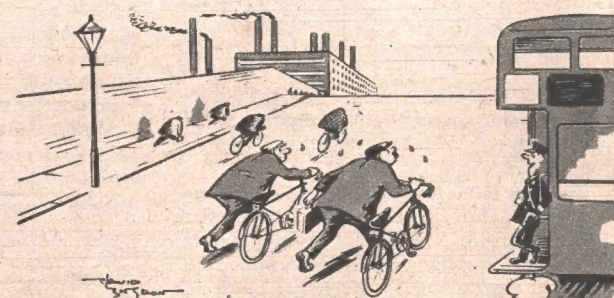
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WOMEN AT THE BAR

by a Barrister-at-Law

THE LAW IS A CONSERVATIVE PROFESSION and it was not until the close of the first World War that women students were permitted to enter the Inns of Court, and not until 1922 that the first of them were "called to the Bar."

In medicine, traditionally the twin profession to the law, feminine emancipation was won much earlier, and Dr. Mary Scharlieb and others of her generation had long since proved their sterling worth.

How have women barristers fared in the quarter-century which has passed since they first donned wig and gown?

Their success has not been comparable with that of their sisters in medicine; to be brutally frank, they have not as a body done well at all, save for certain outstanding exceptions.

Without the slightest doubt the woman barrister whose career has shown the highest promise so far is Miss Rose Heilbron, who in the nine years since she was "called" has achieved a large practice in her native Liverpool and in the other courts of the Northern Circuit to which she belongs, and has also appeared with distinction before the Appeal Courts in London.

She has started with certain advantages which not all of her women-colleagues share: youth, good looks, good health and a pleasing voice. Also her arrival at the Bar happened to coincide with the outbreak of the second World War, which meant that more opportunities were available; many potential male competitors were called away from the Bar or took up full-time duties in Government departments.

But luck alone never explains success at the Bar, especially for a woman; if Miss Heilbron had not had the brains, the training and the forensic ability to seize her opportunities she would have been at best one of those counsel who were seen and heard a great deal in the war years and who have since vanished into obscurity. Her reputation and her practice are undoubtedly far higher today than they have ever been.

The Day She Made Her Mark

It was an early visit to London which first made her remarked by the profession as a whole.

One of her clients had lost his case in a provincial city and appealed to the Supreme Court; a K.C. was called in to "lead" Miss Heilbron in presenting the case in the Court of Appeal, she having settled the grounds of appeal. Now, as a general rule, when a "silk" comes into a case his junior may reasonably expect to take things easy: I have even heard it said on good authority that the most a junior need do is to lean back and occasionally bite his leader's ear if the latter makes a slip.

Miss Heilbron, I am sure, would be much too polite to intervene unnecessarily in this way, nor does any "silk" like his junior to be too assertive. So she sat quietly behind the K.C. while he addressed the three lords justices one morning in the courts in the Strand. When they rose for the luncheon adjournment the "silk" admitted that he had wholly failed to make any impression on the Bench.

Since he did not propose to continue his vain efforts after the adjournment, Miss Heilbron asked if he would mind if she put a point or two to the court which he had not regarded as crucial. He told her—with, we may be sure, the courtesy which nearly all leaders at the Bar extend to juniors (the law is the most friendly of professions: the rawest newcomer, for instance, is expected to address the most senior K.C. by his surname alone)—that she might do whatever she thought best.

So, when the court resumed, she rose diffidently to continue the argument. The lords justices, who

Many women lawyers are called to the bar, but few are trusted with important clients. What are their prospects for the future? Good—if they specialize in "home" cases



"Most promising woman barrister," Miss Rose Heilbron. Called to the Bar at outbreak of war, she may become England's first woman K.C.

can rarely before have been faced with quite the same situation, listened politely, if at first without any pleasurable anticipation: then suddenly one of them uttered what must have been the sweetest words the advocate could hope to hear. "I think that is a good point, Miss Heilbron," he said.

It was a good point. It won the appeal.

Since that auspicious afternoon this young woman barrister has often appeared before the Court of Appeal, sometimes with a leader, sometimes without. She has won and lost cases, but even her best wins can scarcely have had the savour of that memorable first appearance.

I prophesy without the least reserve that she will be the first woman K.C. in England if she ever decides to take that perilous step to advancement. I hope she will, when the right time comes, for it will enormously encourage women with the proper qualifications of intelligence and tact to pursue a legal career: at the moment one can hardly blame most of them for feeling discouraged.

Her Worship Miss Campbell

Many women barristers perform valuable services to the community on what are called "lay benches," that is, benches composed of unpaid magistrates, who, incidentally, are called on to decide a majority of criminal cases throughout the country. It enormously assists the administration of justice in magistrates' courts that at least one of their number shall possess a legal background.

In addition there is already a woman barrister who has been appointed to the very responsible and onerous post of Metropolitan magistrate, Miss Sybil Campbell, who sits in judgment at Tower Bridge. Her promotion did not follow an active career as an advocate, but was due rather to her success as head of a legal department in the Ministry of Food during the late war.

There was considerable criticism when she was appointed to her post by Mr. Herbert Morrison, but those barristers who knew how capably she had prepared innumerable prosecutions of rationing offenders at the Ministry doubted neither her ability nor her strength of character. Some of her early sentences at Tower Bridge were upset on appeal on the ground that they were excessive.

But it may well be that she was not at fault. It is noticeable that today, when one would expect such offences to be treated more leniently, the punishment for men who steal from the docks and the railways (a class of offender rife in the Tower Bridge area) has tended to be more severe than previously.

Appointments Are Chancy

Nowadays, anyhow, her decisions are not reversed or altered more frequently than those of most of her fellow Metropolitan magistrates. This class of appointment, of course, has always been a chancy business: some of the most unexpected choices (as hers was) have proved most successful, others the contrary. Miss Campbell will not be numbered among the failures.

The first woman barrister to shine in her profession was Miss Helena Normanton, who was the first of her sex to be briefed in the High Court, at the Old Bailey and at London Sessions.

Today she occupies the respected and honorary position of "Junior" of the Old Bailey Bar Mess, which entails among other tasks the supervision and upholding of the privileges and duties of all barristers, both men and women, who practise in that court. Her comforting presence is always to be noted on counsels' benches there on the first days of each sessions, when she invariably holds at least one brief for the prosecution.

When women barristers achieve a fair share of the

available work in the courts they will owe much more than they know to the sturdy pioneering spirit of Miss Normanton, who, though she retains her maiden name professionally, is neither a spinster in fact nor a spinster in mentality. Indeed, one may say in fairness to women barristers as a body that very few of them, if any, resemble the sharp-faced, vinegary spinsters of anti-feminist legend.

A sensational murder case not long ago at the Old Bailey was that of Karl Hulten, an American soldier, and Elizabeth Jones, a Welsh girl, who were convicted of the murder of a London taxi-driver. Not the least unusual feature of the "Cleft-Chin Murder Trial," as it was sometimes called, was that a woman barrister appeared for one of the defendants in so serious a case. She was Mrs. Lloyd Lane and, though at the Old Bailey she was led by a "silk" (as any other junior would have been in the circumstances), she had in fact had the sole handling of her client's defence at the preliminary proceedings in the magistrate's court.

Persuasion in the Robing Room

Mrs. Lloyd Lane does not appear very often in the major London courts, but at county courts and magistrates' courts on the western outskirts of London, notably at Windsor and Feltham, she enjoys a huge practice. She once, I recall, had to conduct a difficult case in the Windsor County Court; the issue turned on an obscure point in the complicated Workmen's Compensation Acts, and all the facts seemed to be against her. Her male opponent, when he arrived at the court, endeavoured in the robing room to persuade her to abandon an impossible struggle. Two hours later he left the court, a madder if not a wiser man, for Mrs. Lloyd Lane had won hands down.

By a coincidence, another Mrs. Lane is a barrister well to the fore on the Midland Circuit. She has just been appointed to an official Commission to report on the taking of depositions in magistrates' courts. One of this Mrs. Lane's distinctions in the eyes of her colleagues is that she once demanded and secured an apology from an occasionally injudicious High Court judge (now no longer with us) who had censured her publicly, without the slightest grounds, for a supposed breach of court etiquette.

It takes a great deal of courage for a junior counsel to confront a judge in such circumstances; the relations between Bench and Bar tend to approximate to those between an arbitrary headmaster and his nervous pupils.

We certainly must not overlook Miss Knight Dix, who not only does a large amount of work in Kent, both in the civil and criminal courts, but also made history by being the first woman to sit as deputy-recorder at a Quarter Sessions Court last year.

Perhaps the most curious phenomenon among women barristers until recently was the career of Miss Hannah Cross in that sanctum of pure legalism, the Chancery Division. Since she retired into domesticity one has seen no other woman compete in that rarefied atmosphere, where, so it is said, one may first hope to be regarded as a promising junior when one reaches the age of sixty-five and upwards. But Miss Cross was young, which made her too-short career there even more remarkable.

Solicitors Reluctant to Brief Them

Why is it that, though numerous women-students pass their Bar examinations in the highest class and are, as beginners, certainly as able as their male competitors, so few attain worthwhile practices?

The answer is simple. It is solicitors who hand out briefs, and solicitors—even women solicitors, who are many and able—are reluctant to brief women barristers. After all, even an apparently winning case may be lost, and no solicitor wants to hear his lay client say: "Why did you brief a woman? If only we'd had Mr. So-and-so!" Whereas, if a man has been briefed, the client has to fall back on the usual explanation and blame the judge.

And since confidence at the Bar can only be won by practice, and practice is largely denied to them, women barristers do tend to drop behind in the fierce competition. It is sometimes alleged that

judges and magistrates are biased against women barristers or dislike their voices and so on, but there is no real substance in this: any woman who can put her case well should, and will, win whatever causes are capable of being won.

In the United States women advocates specialize in matrimonial and children's causes, this being a field in which, they think, they have as much insight into the underlying circumstances as any male lawyer and an equal chance of persuading a bench of the justice of their client's case. It might be a good plan if, in this country, too, women barristers sought to specialize in the same province.

An Expert on Divorce

Already they have the example of Miss Morgan Gibbon, an acknowledged expert in the work of the divorce courts. The handicap of being a woman barrister has meant that Miss Gibbon has had in the past to do far more than her share of "poor persons' divorce cases," that is to say, cases in which not a farthing is paid to the counsel who present them.

But this phase of her career, it is certain, has now merged into a large and remunerative practice.

I am reasonably sure that her example will, before long, be followed by others of her sex. Disheartened as they may well be by the lack of opportunity in other branches of the law, they will recognize the possibilities presented by the present flood of matrimonial disputes in the courts.

Moreover, a Royal Commission is at present sitting on the question of reforming English legal procedure; nobody knows what far-reaching proposals for change are due to be announced in a few months' time. Just as the introduction of the panel-practice system first gave the woman general practitioner in medicine her great opportunity, so forthcoming reforms may at last offer women at the Bar a wider, and thus a fairer, opportunity to compete on really equal terms with their male colleagues.

If this happens one would be rash to doubt that the next ten or twenty years will see some women barristers, as well as women solicitors, right at the top of the tree. We may even see them appointed judges. To be sure, the very thought of this would make our ancestors turn in their graves—but isn't that what metaphorical graves are meant for?



Miss Helena Normanton, "first woman to shine as barrister." Her "sturdy spirit" blazed a trail

JULY 5 GET

The much disputed National Health Service, due to operate throughout Britain from July 5, has for long had a working counterpart in the Highlands. This description of the Highlands scheme shows what happens when the State foots doctors' bills
by **HARRY HOPKINS**

THE DOCTORS AND WHITEHALL fight it out. Mrs. Brown of London Town wonders just what it is she's going to get on July 5. But up in Scotland, over the Highland Line, Mrs. MacKenzie isn't wondering: she knows. She knows because she's had it for years.

Long before Beveridge was ever heard of, the poverty and isolation of the Highlands cast their lurid spotlight on the shortcomings of private enterprise in medicine. In 1913 the Dewar Committee reported that, in some areas, eighty per cent of deaths went uncertified. And even when a doctor was called it was generally too late.

This was too much even for the Treasury. Just before the first World War it came through with the first modest grant out of which was to develop the Highlands and Islands Medical Service, today a State-run health network, putting modern medical science at the disposal of the poorest crofters and cottars from Muckle Flugga in the Shetlands to the Mull of Kintyre in south Argyll.

To study its operation came medical pilgrims from India, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, America. Features adapted from it have been incorporated in the State medical system of Kentucky. More recently it has functioned as, in some ways, a pilot scheme for Britain's National Health Service, which is now to absorb it.

And so it comes about that in Unst, halfway to Norway, in Lewis and in Barra and in Skye and in the lonely north-west corner, Mrs. MacKenzie cooking over the peat fire in her stone croft can give Mrs. Brown a preview of what happens when the nation foots the doctors' bills.

His Patients Are Scattered

Dr. X has his practice in the "Great Glen," the spectacular geological fault that lies like a ruler across the Highlands of Scotland. His 1,100 patients, scattered about the valleys and hillsides for twenty miles along the southern shore of Loch Ness, are mostly crofters wringing a precarious living from stony pocket-handkerchief farms, shepherds, keepers, a handful of workers from Britain's first aluminium plant down by the lochside.

Dr. X's morning round starts out from a house on a hillside overlooking Loch Ness. Let's watch him going off on it. The doctor spends a good deal of his life like this, sitting behind the wheel of his car, trundling along the rough mountain roads. It's a land of immense solitudes, this, broken occasionally by the little white stone huts, standing well off the road. All morning the only other vehicle the doctor passes is the Shaw Brothers' lorry, road-repairing for the council.

But like most of his 150 colleagues in this service,

S A HIGHLAND PREVIEW



G.P. and specialist arrive at out-of-the-way crofter's cottage in film *Highland Doctor*. Here poverty is no barrier to comprehensive treatment, and relations between doctor and patient are friendly

the doctor loves the Highlands, and he loves his job. Material rewards are more modest. The patients ("dependants of insured persons, crofters and cottars and others in like economic circumstances") pay, officially, five shillings for the first visit, three shillings and sixpence for subsequent visits—but not even that if they can't afford it.

The rest of the bill—and on the west coast by far the greater part of the doctor's income—comes from the Exchequer in the form of mileage grants, calculated from the doctor's monthly returns with a complex system of differential weightage for sea-, footpath- or bad-road-miles.

Way Over Basic Salary Hurdle?

There's also a guarantee. If the mileage grants and the fees fail to bring the doctor's income up to a net minimum today set at around £800, the State makes up the difference. Is there a hint here of a possible compromise in the national dispute—meeting the B.M.A.'s objections to the "basic salary" while fulfilling the "basic salary's" aim by smoothing the hard-up young doctor's early career?

Another hint: the Highlands and Islands service is ready, if necessary, to co-operate with the local authority to build a comfortable house for its doctors. A good house, they say, means a contented doctor's wife, and a contented doctor's wife. . . .

A flock of sheep straggle across the road. As we wait for them to get clear the doctor calls out a greeting to Mackie, shepherd to the Laird, who's been handling sheep round these parts for twenty years. For everyone we meet along the road he has a cheery wave or nod. How's that "doctor-patient relationship" that worries the B.M.A. so much? The man who stops the car to offer the doctor a fine salmon from the loch doesn't seem to have any doubts about it.

Far from State paymastering having undermined the family doctor's loyalty to patients, some Highland doctors believe that their own emancipation

from cash considerations and their patients' from financial worries has made it easier for them to be accepted as their patients' friends.

A phone call to Inverness and the local doctor can draw on the experience of a team of first-rate consultants. These specialists think nothing of flying a few hundred miles to see a patient in his croft—for a fee of two guineas, if he can afford that much. Then, in addition, there are half a dozen resident surgeons, strategically stationed about the Highlands and Islands area.

Lying in the back of Dr. X's car is his combined syringe-container for taking and dispatching blood samples. And that's another pull the Highland doctor's got over many G.P.s—a complete pathological laboratory, which gives a speedy free phone or wire service from Inverness, and makes "scientific medicine" possible.

Air Ambulance is Vital Link

Backing the family doctor, the specialists, the laboratory, is a small but unusually fully equipped hospital, rebuilt and enlarged with Highlands and Islands money. In this grey stone building looking out across the River Ness, a man with an injured eye from Cape Wrath may be lying in the next bed to a man with nose trouble from the Outer Hebrides. Dr. X has a few patients' here, too. Essential link, bringing the resources of the Highlands and Islands Service to bear at the right time and place, is the air ambulance.

In the Highlands and Islands H.Q. office in Church Street, Inverness, the phone bell rings. It is a call from Lewis in the Outer Isles. A crofter patient with tubercular meningitis needs streptomycin treatment urgently. Aberdeen? How about an air ambulance? The doctor on duty lifts the receiver again and summons a plane from Renfrew to fly the Stornoway patient to Aberdeen. Two relatives may fly with him.

This sort of spectacular example of what can be done with an up-to-date co-ordinated health

service doesn't happen every day; but, as Dr. X can tell you, there's many a crofter along his roads who has had good reason to bless the thoroughness of the organization backing the family doctor. Nurse Bell, for instance. She's part of it, and an important part, one of the three nurses allotted to X's area, doctor and nurses working together as a team.

These days two out of every three crofters' wives round here go into hospital to have their babies, but there's still plenty to keep Nurse Bell busy. As we go by she's just off in the car provided for her to give a vitamin B injection to an old man down the Glen. The phone bell in her little house on the edge of Loch Garth is always going.

The Highland nurses on their rounds, weighing the babies, inspecting schoolchildren, reporting back to the doctor, are banishing ignorance. Today the crofts may still be primitive, lit by oil and watered from the burn, but the importance of sunlight and cleanliness and cod liver oil and orange juice is understood.

Doctor Who Ignores Forms

All right. The results, undeniably, have been fine. But what about the price? Are these State doctors bureaucrat-harried? Do they have to spend hours filling in forms when they should be seeing patients? Are they cribbed, cabined and confined in the exercise of their healing art?

Hardly. Clinically the Highland doctors are left absolutely free.

"I've never inspected a register or a card yet," said a senior administrator. One doctor never answers official letters, ignores the necessary forms. But no one gets excited about it. They know he's a good doctor, and that's what matters.

Down across the Highland Line, the embattled doctors and the Minister of Health have fought bitterly for months over minute details. An elaborate process of appeal for dismissed doctors does not satisfy the B.M.A. They want it extended to the courts of law.

What happens up here in the Highlands? There just isn't any prescribed system of appeal. And no one seems to have noticed it! In practice, far from the doctors needing elaborate protection, experience has shown that the difficulties in the way of the removal even of a flagrantly neglectful doctor are formidable. Dismissals in any case have been rare once-in-ten-year events.

However notorious the weaknesses of a particular doctor may be, experience shows that patients who may have need of him are, understandably, reluctant to make complaints in writing. Yet in the old days of medical "private enterprise," the Highlands were on occasion the last refuge of the drunken, the enfeebled and the incompetent. When the State stepped in, reports a sub-committee survey, "young men of ability and energy who might not have sufficient capital to buy a practice elsewhere" were attracted.

So, to Mrs. Brown of London Town, wondering about her prospects under State medicine, Mrs. MacKenzie's report must be: "Operation successful. Doctors and patients doing well."

And if there is a moral, it is surely this: What matters is the spirit, not the structure; the men, not the machines. Nothing could be untidier, more illogical, less safeguarded than the Highlands and Islands organization, which was improvised, patched, grafted on. . . .

Yet it works. It works, by general consent; magnificently; because the men who work it want it to work; because all they can see is a big job that needs doing, and all they're really interested in is getting on with it.

Medicos and Ministers of England! Look to your north and blush for shame!

. To conform with medical etiquette real names have not been used in this article.

THE TOTO AND HIS TOE

by **Laurence Kirk**

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Matthew only meant to please, but he made the mad white men madder still



The Attorney-General was two strokes behind. Glaring at the toto and then at the ball, he roared, "I protest"

THE TOTO is one of the greatest institutions in colonial Africa. It is not known whether the idea was introduced from Europe or not, but it seems unlikely; for the system only exists there in such modified forms as that of plumber's mate, and moreover the totos in Europe are at school during the best years of their totodom. Probably the invention is African in origin.

Anyway the toto is an engaging creature and is always of the male sex.

He begins his totodom normally at the age of seven or eight and continues it until he is fourteen or fifteen. He has soft brown eyes and straight bare black legs; he usually wears a pair of well-patched khaki shorts, and if he has a shirt as well, he wears it outside the shorts.

So long as you are watching him, butter simply will not melt in his mouth; but it melts instantaneously if you look away. He works harder than the adult all the same, and is probably more trustworthy.

A case is known, in fact, of a settler whose whole household is run by totos of under ten years of age. He has a theory that they have not yet learned to steal by that time.

The activities of the toto, however, are by no means confined to the house. He is ubiquitous. The garden is a recognized place for him and he does more harm there than any insect. Errands of any kind are always undertaken by totos and in sport they are indispensable.

When you play tennis you could not possibly bend down and pick up a ball yourself: it is retrieved by one toto and bounced accurately into your hand by another. Similarly at golf, not only is your bag carried by a toto but another toto stays out in front and marks the ball.

And that is how the trouble started at the Savannah Golf Club. . . .

So far we have considered how the toto appears to the white man. To understand what happened, however, it is not only necessary to know that, but also to have some idea how the white man appears to the toto. Well, on the whole, the toto likes the white man. He regards him with much the same fascinated incredulity as the white man regards the elephant and the giraffe and all the other big game in the country.

The white man is not only the possessor of a great magic which produces such wonders as motor cars and railway trains; but he is also the most convenient source of sixpences and for that reason needs to be humoured.

Humouring him is a tricky business, but can generally be achieved by showing an earnest, if momentary, desire to please. The key to the whole business is that the white man, for some reason known only to himself, is always engaged in some form of activity, and worships a thing he calls a clock.

If some quite reasonable delay interferes with that worship, then the white man gets red in the face and begins to shout. This proneness to shouting is a peculiarity of the white man. The only known antidote is to run about very quickly.

Some of the white man's activities are less ridiculous than others. Horse racing, for instance, is an understandable pursuit, devoted to the exchange of large numbers of sixpences. Football also is an exciting exercise and the toto plays it himself in his spare time with his bare feet.

He has not the equipment to play tennis; but he can see that the game is

Continued on page 14

BEFORE THERE WERE Bobbies or Peelers, the river police were patrolling the Thames. Sir Robert Peel formed his police force (and ours) in 1829. Thirty-one years before that, in the midsummer of 1798, John Harriott got together the "marine police" to guard the Port of London and the interests of the West India merchants. Harriott was special justice for the enforcement of law on the river, residing at the police office in Wapping.

One hundred and fifty years later, at the police station in High Street, Wapping, Superintendent Tom Fallon is saying goodbye to the job that John Harriott started. His office in the old stone-staired police section house (where twenty-seven single men live in) looks out on the Pool of London. Through the window on the right is the outline of Tower Bridge. The tugs and barges and big ships pass below. At the jetty lie the launches and patrol boats of the Thames Division.

Forty Miles of Waterway

The superintendent controls two hundred men. His division stretches from Teddington to Dartford, branching out into the larger creeks and covering forty miles of waterway. His sub-stations are at Barnes, Waterloo, Blackwall and Erith. He has a wife and two children and is fifty years old, with twenty-eight years' police service.

On his epaulettes he wears the crown and star which, in the Army, would make him a lieutenant-colonel. He has been in charge of TA Division for five years. Now he is retiring, to begin a new job in East Africa. He is alternately lyrical and tongue-tied in praise of his men.

Thames Division is looking-glass land. Everybody talks about everybody else; nobody about himself. From the superintendent you may learn of his men's exploits and decorations ("He won't thank me for mentioning it, but you'll notice the station sergeant wears the D.C.M."). From the men you may hear how the gov'nor dealt with the nude machine gunner afflicted with D.T.s.

Constable Chase told that one. Chase is deck-hand and radio operator on the superintendent's launch. He gets up at four every morning; leaves his home in Brockley in time to get to Wapping for the 5.45 a.m. parade; hears orders read; checks his gear; and is ready for work.

It was one night during the war that the twin machine guns on a foreign merchant vessel started crackling indiscriminately over the river down at Erith. The superintendent, who had taken over the division only five days before, decided this was a job he should handle personally. He got out his pistol, issued rifles and set out with his men.

They ran in under the ship's hull, where the man with the guns could not depress his fire sufficiently to hit them. They clambered aboard and came upon him as he was opening a fresh box of ammunition. He was fantastically drunk.

Tying Up a Naked Man

Those without previous experience of such setups then discovered how extremely difficult it is to overpower and tie up a man with no clothes on—for the sailor was stark naked. They finally succeeded, but only at the expense of attracting the attention of the rest of the foreign crew (no names, no international repercussions), who were also paralytically plastered.

On discovering that the police intended to take their colleague off the boat, the crew became "very nasty," though the superintendent, reviewing it in retrospect, adds, "It'd be much worse to find you've got nothing for dinner." Faced by the policeman's ultimate nightmare—having to use firearms against civilians—he solved the problem by calling in the Navy, who arrested the lot.

It was a startling introduction to the work of Thames Division and, fortunately, quite unrepresentative.



Tower Bridge slips astern as Supt. Tom Fallon tours his "beat" from Teddington to Dartford

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

Senior Oggler Goes Ashore

by Hubert Cole

Who is the Senior Oggler? He's chief of the Ogglers. Who are the Ogglers? The men who see that the River obeys the law of the land

sentative. Superintendent Fallon started the right way for the division, though he came to it late in his career. He served in the Navy in the first World War, and when he came out he enlisted in the police. Almost every man in Thames Division has had previous seafaring experience, in either the Royal or the Merchant Navy. He must qualify by at least two years' duty on a shore beat (and is still ready to nip off his boat and deal with "a fellow who has just bashed your gas meter" if there are no shore police handy at the time). After this he is eligible to be tested for a job with the Senior Division.

"Senior Division" is a boast based on John Harriott and 1798, backed by reference to the long waiting list of men who want to transfer to the division and the very few who ever want to leave.

The superintendent arrived by the devious routes of promotion, from pounding a beat to introducing the 999 system when he worked at Scotland Yard (in his early days he was himself P.C. 999). Most of his men have been in the division for tens or scores of years, with time out for the war.

There is Constable Luff, whose humorous eye modifies his sober stance. Luff did five years as a stoker in the Royal Navy and then started his police life in H. Division. When the second World War came, Luff went back to the Navy (with sixty per cent of Thames Division) and took to shovelling coal again on a trawler. One day a German plane came over and dropped bombs. The noise penetrated to Luff's part of the ship and he popped up to see what was going on.

Having formed his own appreciation of the tactical position, he moved over to the Lewis gun and fired back. This, says the superintendent

appreciatively, stirred the Jerry up, and he turned to give the trawler, and Seaman Luff, the works. Whereupon, in his unfussy, metropolitan way, Luff shot the German plane down and qualified as the first policeman to be decorated in the Navy during the recent hostilities.

The war over, Seaman Luff was once more metamorphosed into Constable Luff. He is content. He likes the Thames Division because "it's the Royal Navy with home comforts." After a pause, he adds, "But without the rum issue."

Of the sixty per cent who served in the Armed Forces during the war, half were commissioned, but now the ex-commanders of H.M. ships are back again as engineers and radio operators on the thirty-foot, eighty horse-power diesel-engined patrol boats. Those who stayed on duty on the Thames had the blackout and the bombs to add to the normal hazards of their work.

Risks of Capsizing

The job is tricky enough, out on the river in the dark, with drifting barges that have parted from their moorings, with the almost invisible wires which link craft and may easily capsize the patrol boat. There is the fog liable to close in at any time like somebody drawing a blanket across a window. And it's an eight-hour tour of duty broken only by half an hour for a hot drink.

But during the blackout it was worse still. There were times when the boats had to cut through a river of blazing fats. There was the night when twelve barges and nine tugs, hundreds of tons of senseless timber and steel, drifted down *en masse* towards Tower Bridge, and somebody had to manoeuvre the boat alongside and hold it steady in

the blackness and racing tide, and somebody else had to clamber aboard and gradually make all fast.

Describing incidents like this, the superintendent strains for words to put over his admiration for his men: the three-men crews of sergeant, engineer and deckhand-cum-radio operator in flat caps and blue reefer jackets, keeping up the constant watch on the river, swinging the searchlight from shore to shore, risking their necks on the hazards of the waterway, and doing it all for a starting wage of £5 5s. a week and precious little hope of promotion.

Their enemies used to call them water-rats, and they share with the shore police the common nicknames of bobby and flattie, but they also have one peculiar to themselves; they are "ogglers." The superintendent, Senior Ogglar, has never been able to trace its exact derivation. He suspects it was the name given to the skilled watermen who piloted craft through the rapids under the many arches of old London Bridge.

Prevention of crime is their main job, as it was in John Harriott's time. In those days, a ship would lose half its cargo coming up the Thames; for the ship's officers and the excise men and any others who could lay their hands on it would pass cargo over the side to receivers.

Now the barges are crammed with fats and tinned stuff and all manner of desirable under-the-counter merchandise, and the black market boys look on enviously from the bank as the ogglers patrol up and down.

It is during these patrols that they pick up an average of a hundred bodies a year (for which they get five shillings per body, fifteen shillings if decomposed). Most of the bodies are suicides, and most of the suicides jump from Waterloo Bridge.

So, in addition to the life-saving apparatus carried on each patrol boat, the substation at Waterloo Pier is equipped with a bath and a constant supply of hot water. If those who fall into the river can be fished out rapidly enough and dunked in the hot bath, they have a chance of reviving. With a noteworthy desire to avoid any possible embarrassment, Thames Division puts the men in naked, the women fully clothed.

Pretty Picture—and Reality

Up to three years ago, there was a mounting number of children accidentally drowned in the division. So the superintendent sent his men round the riverside schools to give lectures illustrated with roll-up pictures.

There is, among the lecture pictures, a drawing of a patrol boat coming to the rescue, bright and gay, with the pennant streaming out at the stern and the spray sparkling silver in the sun. It is attractive but perhaps a little over-romanticized.

Few of the crew would recognize it as they bash along at twelve knots on a winter's day, peering through the dim light for drifting craft or adventurous children, floating bodies or sudden fires, burgled barges or the two flags which will tell them that the Chinese cook has cut loose with a knife or a fireman has taken a swipe at the mate with an iron bar—all for five guineas a week and an eight-hour day.

Yet still there is a long waiting list for transfer to the division; and still there are very few who leave of their own accord. And Tom Fallon feels he has left quite a slice of his life behind as he hands over his job as Senior Ogglar and sets off for the Rufigi River in East Africa, where he once went hunting for the German cruiser *Königsberg*, in the days before he was a policeman at all.



I Wanted a Yellow Waistcoat

by Roland Wild

One swallow doesn't make a summer. Nor is one yellow vest a symbol of British slackness. But it left one tourist with a bad impression

THE YELLOW WAISTCOAT was slightly spivvish, but liable to prove a counterblast to the cubist Californian ties. The young man in the Southampton shop was not excessively busy. He agreed that the waistcoat, price five guineas, could be sent to me in the United States without clothing coupons.

The waistcoat fitted. We were all in accord, and I told him to send it to the ship leaving at midnight.

"Just a minute," he said. Then he came back and said he was sorry. There was nobody who could take the waistcoat that day to the ship. The tramcars passed the shop, destined for the docks. There were taxis which for half a crown would deliver the waistcoat.

"Then give it to me and I'll take it," I said. But that was illegal.

"Then take it yourself by taxi in your lunch hour, and I'll pay the fare." He was against that.

"Then let the manager give half a crown to a boy to make the trip." That was too difficult.

"Then give me back my five guineas," I said. And walked out.

So I climbed the gangway of the ship that night without a yellow waistcoat—a Briton back home on a visit for whom this incident had been just one more disappointment. Was it true, then, what visiting lecturers and business men to the U.S.A. had been telling me in the last two years? Was England so tired—too placid to bother, too hungry to care? Had the British lost courtesy, efficiency, humour?

In journeys from Glasgow to Bristol, Grimsby to Manchester, and in London from the East End to Earl's Court, I found people taking it for granted that the rubble remained on the ground, the skeletons of buildings still stared out neglected. The sound of the slapping of mortar on bricks was forgotten.

In Bond Street, the swing doors that

led to my barbers had been out of commission for two years and there was a notice up saying, "Under repair. Please use other door." The notice is still there. I asked the boss when things would be repaired. "We'll fix it," he said. "That is, we're going to have the notice made permanent."

Morals had gone—the morals of national economy. My friends did not seem disposed to share the misery. A young woman, previously honest and distinctly patriotic, said she had reported her mother to be bedridden to get a petrol permit. "It's a small thing to commit your mother to bed for life for an extra gallon a month," she said.

At one cocktail party full of young married couples, the small talk was solely on international money wangling. "We found a nice young Swiss hotel keeper in London," said one woman. "But he was no good—we were only able to lend him thirty pounds, and that won't go far in Switzerland."

Children's Rosy Cheeks

Were the kids better off? Many said they were, and the rosy cheeks and sturdiness of Liverpool and London children seemed to prove it. But a doctor said: "Don't believe it. So are many kids in Germany." A dentist said: "I don't fill teeth with gold, for the gold would fall out. The teeth won't stand it, so we just have to hope for more calcium in food or better dentures for everyone."

Were the English still the world's adventurers? Young men were back to pen-pushing in little offices, timid about the great world outside. One young veteran of the Burma campaign looked at the Shaftesbury Avenue notice which reads, "Fly to Ontario!" But he turned away and said, "I hate my little job; but you've got to hang on to what you've got these days."

But there was bravery in the little restaurants slowly coming back in Kensington for the people to eke out their

When lights blazed in prewar Piccadilly there, were no petty frustrations to deter visitors

rations. Cypriots and Italians and French were braving the jungles of red tape to supply unidentifiable soup and heavily-disguised rabbit. By contrast, the old-established restaurants didn't seem to care.

"Nobody complains," said a frank maître d'hôtel. "It's a pity, for a few complaints kept the place up to scratch. Now, the waiters don't bother with the food any more."

Inefficiency caused more labour and needless work than anything else. It was the inefficiency of ignorance and thoughtlessness. At one seaside hotel, we left a call for coffee and toast at nine. At eight we were called. At eight-fifteen came tea; despairingly, we sent back for toast to make up something like a breakfast.

At nine o'clock came coffee and toast. The telephonist, two waitresses, and the kitchen staff had worked needlessly because of one porter's inefficiency. Each pushed the blame on to another.

In the Manchester train restaurant car, the sliding door squeaked abominably. A week later, the same door squeaked. It was nobody's business to beg, borrow or steal a drop of oil. The guard was concerned only with his tickets; the passengers probably thought they would all get used to it themselves one day.

You cannot, I hope, judge a nation by its telephone service. And there was humour and irony, and a little pathos, too, in the little joke of the frustrated telephonists at callboxes who lost their pennies and tried other machines. "Don't try the first six," said a cheerful business man at a main-line station. "But there ought to be some system to mark the ones that are working."

"What's happened to the young men and their girls on an occasional spree in the West End?" I asked. They were all in the country towns, taking a job on a small salary, unable to pay the rocketing prices. The army gratuities had gone, and with them the carefree attitude of the Services, and in the West End there were only bald heads and serious faces.

"A Crime to be Gay"

Nobody can help the darkened streets, the death of London at midnight, the shrivelled public transport services after dark. But a man said: "It's now a crime to be gay in what was the capital of the world. A night out is for the rich only. There isn't much genuine amusement left in London for the people who deserve it."

This is written on a boat bound for New York. When the boat train drew into Waterloo Station to take on its passengers, they had been queuing at the barrier. They queued again at the immigration desks at the port, and they queued for the outgoing customs. On board, they queued for table tickets, mail, and for every meal.

The Americans on board waited for the queues to vanish, and sauntered into the best places. Why should they worry?

In Britain today, it's the little things that you notice. Failure in small ways. The big effort is there, and the wheels are rolling. Many say: "We shouldn't bother with the small frustrations of life, and we shouldn't grumble."

They are right, of course, for the stolid things are there still, somewhere underneath the petty inconveniences. But to many, life is made up of a lot of little things, and the little things aren't getting much attention these days.

The yellow waistcoat was a little thing, but if you get enough yellow waistcoats as an incident, England is not going to be a very cheerful place for a long time.

Coping With the Holiday Crisis *by Helen Gosse*

For many families, Holidays with Pay has a hollow ring: accommodation hard to get; expenses too high. Imaginative national planning could break the back of the problem

GEORGE WAS IN THE R.A.F. during the war. Now he has a good steady job in a small engineering works. With overtime, he reckons he makes between £6 10s. and £7 per week—more than a pound above the average British worker's wage. Yet he finds it hard to afford a holiday.

This year his boss, a decent chap, has urged him to take a fortnight off, with pay. But when George reckoned up what it would cost to take his wife and three kids off to the sea for a couple of weeks, he had to shake his head. "No," he said, "it'll have to be the Zoo and perhaps a day at Hastings."

Why is it so difficult for the "lower income" families with, say, three small children, in this country, to have at least a week's holiday away from home? Why are holidays with pay proving a will o' the wisp benefit to a tragically large number of people?

For the third year in succession fifteen million people are getting holidays with pay. But far too many of these fifteen million will be compelled to spend their holidays at home.

What's wrong? First, quite simply, "no room at the inn." Even in the thirties, holiday accommodation was strained to its limits in July and August. And the prewar army of fifteen million away-from-home holidaymakers has risen to perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three million, but there is barely eighty per cent of prewar accommodation.

£50 for a Fortnight¹

Secondly, of course, shortage spells high prices. Before the war a week in August at the Travco Holiday Camps cost 55s. Today the charges range from £4 15s. to £7 7s. Cheaper than a stay chez Mr. Butlin, who asks £8 8s.; but, even with the half rate for children, the camp and fares work out at around £50 for a fortnight for George and his family—without allowing anything for extras and entertainments.

Even more formidable is the cost of the cheapest holiday abroad. In 1939 it was possible to spend



Seaside fun at one of Britain's holiday camps. A good idea, but they've better ones on the Continent

eight days on the Belgian coast for £5; this included the two-way fares and excursions. Today the same trip comes to £20. And a ten-day tour to Switzerland, at £25-£30, is far beyond the reach of the "lower income" family man.

So George, who travelled a bit during the war and talked to his opposite numbers in other countries, wonders why we can't take some leaves out of their books. Norway and Sweden, for instance, run State-aided tourist hotels which cost about 5s. to 10s. a day.

In Czechoslovakia — a highly industrialized country, rather like our own—the trade unions have had financial help from the State to acquire a large number of hotels, with a total of nearly 100,000 beds. One month's stay, inclusive of food, costs about £4 a head; this, in terms of British incomes and other factors, would be the rough equivalent of £5 here. In addition, all workers receive a reduction of thirty-three per cent off their railway fare.

George does not suggest the immediate nationalisation of the hotel industry; still less can the myriad landladies of seasonal lodgings be socialized. He doesn't expect the nation to pay any of his legitimate holiday costs. Neither does he expect the Government to allocate unlimited materials for the building of new holiday accommodation.

But he does feel that the Government should have taken some steps to help him with the problem of making his holiday-with-pay a real holiday—an opportunity for a change as well as a rest.

There are several good lines to get busy on. First, to curb profiteering, hotels and boarding-houses should be placed in defined categories—each with fixed, authorized prices for accommodation. All private lodgings should also be subject to inspection, grading and price control. The controlling authority should be the borough or county council.

Next, the Board of Education should arrange for the "staggering" of school terms, and this should be coupled with wider staggering of holidays in industry.

What's needed is a national holidays corporation

working closely with the Ministry of Town and Country Planning. It might begin by organizing more camping sites in the promised national parks and on coastal sites belonging to the National Trust. Camping equipment is today terribly expensive; the corporation could hire it out. (To show what could be done, in 1939 the Argyllshire National Park alone accommodated 12,307 campers.)

Apart from the Royal Ordnance Factories' and other adaptable hostels, there are hundreds of "white elephant" country houses convertible into holiday homes—run by the corporation or leased to managers—if the capital were provided. Costs of conversion could be reduced to a modest figure if an appeal were made for brigades of volunteer workers who would receive free holidays in return for helping to create holiday facilities for others.

Swop Visits with Foreigners

This is the way George sees it: the corporation would start a chain of its own hotels in healthy rivalry with private enterprise. In due course it would promote tourist centres on the Swedish pattern in the Highlands. It would acquire ships for cheap cruises.

It would organize, through trade unions and professional associations, exchange holidays with foreign countries.

Would it require a huge subsidy from the State? No. George wants to pay his own way when he goes on holiday, and he points out that, when the corporation is fully launched, its enterprises would be largely self supporting.

Is all this asking too much?

George suggests that he is entitled to expect his country to do at least this much to give him hope of a real holiday away from home at a cost he can afford.

He is told today that he must put his back into the battle for production. Is it unreasonable of him to ask that the holidays which he desires—and which everybody agrees he ought to have—should not be rationed exclusively by the purse?

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Down But Not Out

I WAS thinking the other day of some of the championship fights I've seen in recent years. I saw Lesnevich beat Freddy Mills—but the only outcome was a desire on Mills's part to fight again to reverse the verdict. I saw Baksi break Bruce Woodcock's jaw—a bout which merely strengthened Bruce's determination to get fit again and have another go.

There are parallels in ordinary life. We all know men and women who have triumphed over every sort of defeat and affliction to make good.

What must we conclude? Simply this: that a fellow is never really beaten until he admits defeat.

True courage is built on faith—faith in others, faith in the fundamental goodness of things, faith in yourself. Given such faith, whoever may beat you, only you can defeat yourself.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

CONTINUING JOHN BULL'S RADIO INQUIRY

MOST OF THE PEOPLE I TALK TO about radio are passers-by in the streets. In Croydon I turned to an old man standing on the edge of the kerbstone, staring thoughtfully into the roadway. I began: "Would you like to tell me if you listened-in last night?"—just as he stooped down and picked a cigarette end from the gutter.

Only then did I really notice his shabbiness: his old cracked boots, torn and unpatched raincoat, hair hanging over the back of his collar. He sniffed and put the cigarette end carefully into a little tin box. "Haven't got a set," he said.

I asked him whether he ever listened-in.

"Oh, yes—when I get the chance. Lots of things worth hearing on the wireless, you know. Lot of mumbo-jumbo, too, but it's the music I like best."

He had a very high, quavering voice, though I don't think he would be more than sixty or so. I asked him what sort of music, and he became very definite. "Not this caterwauling string stuff. I like music with a bit o' body. Music's like a man, you know—needs something here!"—and he rapped his chest with his fist. "Of course, I don't mind the strings in a concerto, say, where you've got the whole body of the orchestra come booming in at the right moment, like. Strings on their own, though, these here chamber concerts, or whatever they're called . . . bah! But symphony concerts—grand!"

I tried to find out what symphonies he had heard and liked, but his tastes were catholic and his instincts earthy. He didn't know what he'd liked; only that he'd liked them. "Boom t'ddy boom t'ddy boom," he bleated, on the edge of the kerbstone, trying to recall the brass movements of a recent performance. Then he put his crooked hands to his mouth and gave me the trumpet passages. He had neither talent nor knowledge; only enthusiasm and two ears—and a neighbour's wireless set.

Influenced—But How?

The effect of radio on our culture, the heightening of our appreciation of all the arts, must be gigantic. I have tried to find some way of measuring this. One difficulty is that most people cannot disentangle a whole variety of different influences.

The answer goes something like this: "No, I don't think it was the radio got me interested in good music. It was a friend said come to a concert—at the Albert Hall. The London Symphony Orchestra, I think.

"I was thrilled. I've been a regular concertgoer ever since—and I listen to most of the big radio concerts, too. Just a minute, though. Now I come to think of it. When my friend asked me I said no at first, thinking it would be above my head. But it so happened that they were playing something I'd heard several times over the wireless and quite liked—Grieg's Piano Concerto in A Minor.

"So it must have been the radio started me off, mustn't it?"

Altogether I have asked fifty lovers of classical music to try and decide whether the radio was responsible for making them interested in the first place.

Only thirty gave a clear-cut answer, of whom twenty-two said no. But going into it a bit more deeply most of them changed their minds.

"Funny," said one, "I hadn't realized until now how the radio affects you without your really noticing it. It isn't the conscious effect of radio that counts, is it? It's the unconscious way it influences you without your really being aware of it."

In the end thirty-three of the fifty said that they

Switch on and you're in the stalls

by Frank Tilsley

What effect do broadcasts of music and drama have on listeners' tastes? It's one of the points Frank Tilsley has investigated in this series on radio reactions—on what radio really adds up to in people's lives

would probably never have realized their need for good music had it not been for the radio—but we got so involved in sorting it all out I would not claim this proportion to be reliable. Only one of the fifty was really decided—a pretty young woman of about twenty whom I talked with outside a jeweller's shop in Brixton.

"Yes, I like classical music," she said, "and I listen to it on the wireless, but the wireless didn't set me off. Listening-in I used to like dance music best—couldn't abide classics. But then I had a row with my boy and began to go about with a chap who liked symphony concerts. He used to take me. I was bored stiff at first, but that's how it began."

Although figures of this sort are difficult to handle, I think it is clear that most people who like good music have learned to like it through the radio, and had it not been for the radio that side of their lives would be blank.

Listened and Remembered

For instance, although only one person in every eight listened to the Sunday afternoon concerts, and one in twelve to those on Wednesday evenings, one out of four had listened to some programme of good music within a period of a month which they had liked sufficiently to be able to recall and talk about.

This works out at a total of seven or eight million people who, though not regular listeners to the classical concerts, can nevertheless be said to get something out of good music. I think this figure is confirmed by the fact that an exceptionally attractive radio symphony programme can show a listening figure of getting on towards the seven million mark.

Of these people I asked the question: *Apart from the radio, do you ever listen to good music?* Two

out of every three said no. Three out of every four had never actually attended a symphony concert.

And, as I have already quoted, a large proportion of those who do attend symphony concerts came to the conclusion that the radio had been a deciding factor in getting them interested in the first place.

A Performer Comments

By chance one of the people I stopped turned out to be a professional musician. He shook me by querying the value of this vast new audience which has been created by the radio.

"I've been playing professionally since 1912," he said, "and there's not a shadow of doubt that the radio has educated this country into the appreciation of good music—before wireless we were a country of heathens, musically. Now we can go into any town in Britain and if the conductor or soloist is somebody with a name known through broadcasting we can fill the hall at good prices. But I think most of this is very superficial. We're still not a musical nation in the sense that the Germans are a musical nation—or were."

Nevertheless, I met plenty of people to whom good music is the treasure of life. In a bus queue in Bradford I talked to a man of about sixty, a carpenter, on his way home to listen to the Wednesday night concert.

He said: "I suppose I was about forty before I found out, through my wireless set, what music could mean to a man. Now it's all I live for. I lost my wife, before the war, and my boy was killed in 1942, but somehow music has kept me going. I'm only a poor man—I could never afford to go to expensive concerts. But for a pound a year I get all the world's greatest musicians and orchestras in my own home. It's wonderful when



Frank Tilsley (right) with listener critics. Back from U.S., Henry I. Taylor (standing) and wife (seated) say B.B.C. programmes lack American punch. Other couple, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Waller, are Saturday Night Theatre "regulars".



John Bull colour photograph by William Kemp

you think of it. I'd do without anything sooner than my radio—sell my bed first, if it came to selling up."

Out of a tangle of complicated evidence I draw two fairly certain conclusions. First that radio has considerably raised the general standard of musical appreciation in the country. Second that a minority of people (who may, in fact, total something like half a million) depend almost entirely on their wireless sets for good music—people to whom good music has become a cultural necessity.

Drama has a considerably bigger audience than good music. Upwards of ten million people regularly listen to radio plays. Saturday Night Theatre, in fact, has become a national institution. Enormous numbers of people who years ago used to reckon to "have a Saturday night out" now have a regular Saturday night date with their wireless.

"Saturday Night Theatre is fine. We always used to go out on Saturday nights before the war, but we got fed up with the long queues for pictures and music halls and theatres and eventually we got into the habit of listening to the radio plays. Now Saturday night is the one time you wouldn't drag us out of the house."

Couldn't Leave the Children

Sometimes the listening to this feature began under domestic compulsion: "When the kids came and we had to stop going out on Saturdays we used to feel lost. But then we gradually began to like the plays and now we're what you might call play addicts. We wouldn't go out on a Saturday night now, not for anything."

It is easier with drama, than with music, to test the quality of the listening. Out of 120 people who listen regularly to plays, more than half know by voice and name most of the regular players—Gladys

Young seems to have a fan following almost as big, if not so vociferous, as Tommy Handley and Wilfred Pickles. Most of the people I talked to could recall accurately many of the plays they had heard, and praise them, or criticize them, with discernment.

Londoners' View Disputed

Several people complained with a sort of authoritative enthusiasm that there were too many adaptations of stage plays and not enough written specially for radio—but mostly these people came from the London areas. In the provinces listeners liked stage adaptations.

"It keeps us in touch with the real theatre . . . we can now hear the best plays, and the best actors, without ever going to London . . . the radio adaptations are much better than the London companies who are sent out on tour . . . the performances are much better than you get from the local repertory companies."

Criticism is usually that there are too many repeat broadcasts, and too many old plays. ("Couldn't they give *The Winslow Boy* a rest? I could understudy every part in the blessed thing!") Quite a lot of people prefer the Monday night plays to Saturday Night Theatre, and some prefer the difficult World Theatre series, but neither of them has the listening audience of Saturday Night Theatre.

Many housewives, who listen to the short Wednesday afternoon plays, consider them superior to the other programmes.

Listening-in to plays demands a high degree of co-operation. When people invited me into the house to share their listening I made a rough-and-ready table of the amount of attention given by them to the various programmes. Plays came top easily before the News, or the Quiz programmes

or serious music. If anybody talked they talked in low voices, and mother didn't get up to put the kettle on or see if anybody had left the hall light burning.

It is clear from several questions I asked that this big radio theatre audience has grown up mainly during the last seven years. Few people had listened regularly to radio plays before the war; most said the habit had been formed when they were locked up in their homes by blitz and blackout.

Several people I spoke to were interested in amateur dramatics; they all testified to an immense renaissance of interest in the drama which without exception they attributed to radio.

"The only place which is deaf to this renaissance," said one man, "is the London theatre. London theatre managers are about the only people who don't seem to realize the public will support a higher standard of drama than ever before."

Importance of Being Invisible

Even domestic play-readings are apparently affected. "What we do now is to take off the lounge door and put up a sheet. Then we read the play to our audience through the sheet. They cannot see us reading, so their sense of realism is not destroyed. It's an adaptation of radio technique."

The audience for plays is much wider than the listening figure of ten million for Saturday Night Theatre would suggest. Out of two hundred people I found that sixty-nine had listened to a radio play within the previous seven days, eighty-four within fourteen days, and 114 within a month. It is a fairly safe bet that seventy-five per cent of the population have listened to quite a lot of plays over the past few years, and that the great majority of them listen far more attentively than to most other programmes.

When you consider how the play has always been the vehicle for ideas, for progressive and dynamic thought, the total effect on the minds of the people of these islands must be enormous. On the railway station at Wolverhampton I talked to an ardent listener to radio plays—an elderly schoolmaster. He said:

"Thirty years ago not more than twenty per cent of the population had any sense of what we think of as the English Tradition. Why not? Because this tradition could be absorbed only from a culture which was the prerogative of the middle and upper classes.

"Now radio has spread this culture throughout the country—very patchily, of course, but it is widespread. Talks, features and music have all played their part, but easily the biggest factor has been the radio drama. People cannot listen over a long period to the great plays of the English stage without in time soaking in this great English tradition. . . ."

Ideas as Well as Thrills

Perhaps this gentleman underestimates the resistance of the average mind to ideas not acquired the hard way, by practical experience and personal suffering, and it is a fact that most listeners recalled most readily plays which produce excitement rather than ideas—*Night Must Fall* and *Ten Minute Alibi* and so on.

On the other hand, it is also a fact that there is hardly a great play in the English language which has not been broadcast, probably several times by now, and found enormous and attentive audiences—the majority of whom would never have listened to the play otherwise.

NEXT ARTICLE: Verdict on Radio Features

THE TOTO AND HIS TOE: from page 8

a kind of dance regulated by a white ball, and as an expert in rhythm he can appreciate some of the finer movements. The one sport he cannot even begin to understand is the thing they call golf.

In the first place these other pursuits in which the white man indulges, although a great waste of energy, generally seem to make him cheerful and happy, and incidentally loosen the sixpences in his pocket.

They are therefore to be encouraged from every point of view. Golf, on the other hand, almost invariably makes the white man even more cheerless than he was before, and leads very often to outbursts of shouting.

The toto who carries the clubs, for instance, soon learns that when the ball just trickles a few yards along the ground he has done something seriously wrong, and his sixpence is in danger.

If, on the other hand, the ball flies long and straight down the course, and continues to do so at other holes, then he knows that he is doing well and his sixpence may even become a shilling. The toto wonders what kind of magic this is which makes him influence the flight of the ball which the white man is hitting.

The toto who is the fore-caddie has a lot to learn. The first time he performs, he probably pounces on the ball, picks it up and runs as fast as he can to return it to the white man, so that he shan't get out of step with his clock. The outburst of violent shouting soon tells him that he has guessed wrong.

THE next thing he learns is that it is even worse than picking up the ball to allow the white man to lose it. That makes the white man so unhappy that he can't even shout.

So when the toto sees the ball going off into the rough he runs as fast as he can so that he can find it before the white man comes up. It is not always easy, for the rough is tight and close; but even if he can't see it, the toto is adept at feeling for it with every one of his ten bare toes.

Even so, having found the ball before the white man comes up, he may still discover that things are not as they should be. The white man may scowl at the ball when he is shown where it is, and mutter angrily, "Gad, what a lie!" or words to that effect. The toto, of course, does not understand. He thinks that the magic



"Fat lot of manners you've got—sitting there all evening with your hat on!"

that can make motor cars and railway trains is too strong to be intimidated by a few blades of grass.

However, the next time he finds the ball in the rough and waits for the scowl to appear on the white man's face, he discovers to his surprise that the white man seems pleased. "H'm!" he says cheerfully. "Quite a good lie after all!"

The toto, of course, is puzzled, but decides that he has been misinformed at Sunday school, where he is learning to be a Christian, and that there are good lies as well as bad lies. So the next time he finds the ball, if it is buried at all, he moves it gently with his big toe until it is nicely teed up.

And once again the white man looks pleased when he sees it.

It takes the average toto about a week to learn this simple method of humouring the white man. And if some white man has conscience enough to wonder why he always has such good lies in the rough,

the toto just looks as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth and says that he hasn't touched it.

The average white man feels that, with that, he has done his duty nobly and produces an extra sixpence at the end of the round.

The championship at the Savannah Club is always held in November at the end of the rainy season. This year there were sixteen entrants which eliminated the need for any byes.

There were also, of course, sixteen totos to carry the clubs, and another sixteen to mark the balls.

And as every toto was aware that his appointment—with all its rewards—ended when his white man got beaten, there was a lot of secret but effective work with their big toes.

The manager of the Standard Bank was the favourite at first, but he got knocked out in the second round. The betting then was between the Attorney-General,

who was four handicap, and the Bishop, who was six. They were in different halves of the draw and could not meet until the final round—where in due course they did.

Both of them had been playing good golf, and neither of them had had a score of worse than eighty during all the matches they had played.

While the betting was if anything on the side of the Attorney-General, the more popular win would have been that of the Bishop, who was a fine-looking man of six foot two and compared favourably with the portly, undersized figure of the Attorney-General.

There was also a considerable difference in their characters as well as in their appearance. The Bishop loved everybody, while the Attorney-General loved nobody except perhaps the Attorney-General. Similarly the Bishop suspected nobody's motives, while the Attorney-General suspected everyone's—and on this occasion the Bishop's in particular.

Admittedly he had some reason for doing so. He had been playing directly behind the Bishop in all the previous rounds and had seen that at every single hole he sliced his drive into the rough.

In spite of that, his ball was always lying well enough for him to put his second shot somewhere near the green; and as his short game was deadly he always got down in two more. All this would have been less infuriating if he had not also always said, "Bad luck!" when his opponent missed his putt.

When the final began, the Bishop as usual sliced his drive at the first hole. That would have meant an extra stroke in any normal circumstances. But somehow or other he was able to take a spoon for his second and put it a few yards from the green; he laid his run-up dead.

He also said "Bad luck!" as though he really meant it when the Attorney-General missed a short putt for a five. From then on, the Attorney-General was determined to have a showdown.

No jury was going to believe that you could always find a good lie in that thick rough. It was quite incredible. The only explanation was that there was collusion on the part of the toto, and condonation or even connivance on the part of the Bishop.

These were ugly words to use against one who was head of the local Church, but it was time somebody did it; and as he dropped another stroke on the second hole as well in the same way, the Attorney-General decided that that person would be himself.

But then suddenly a change came over the game. The Bishop started driving down the fairway while the Attorney-General began to visit the rough. He saw nothing odd in the fact that he got reasonably good lies when he did this. He had told his toto at the very beginning that he must never touch the ball, and he knew that the toto would never dare to disobey him.

In any case he was able to make quite good recoveries; and as the Bishop suddenly lost his touch on the green, the Attorney-General got the two strokes back. At the ninth he was one stroke up, and already picturing how handsome the silver cup would look on his dining table. The Bishop wanted the cup, too, but he was quite sincere as he remarked what a jolly game it was they were having.

But once more a change came over the game. They both began to slice. This gave the Attorney-General the opportunity to see what much better lies the Bishop always had; and his worst suspicions were confirmed when the latter won three holes in succession, and the silver cup seemed on its way to the wrong dining-room table.

This crisis came at the fourteenth when the Bishop was still two strokes up. Both had sliced their drives again, and this

—Continued on page 21

Island Story

COMMENTARY ON THE shortage of trained nurses in our hospitals today: a young acquaintance of mine recently underwent an operation in a hospital short of help.

The nurse who entered his room a week afterwards was a very new probationer.

"They said to get you ready for bed," she told him, "but you're my first patient."

"What am I supposed to do?"

"Perfectly simple," the patient replied. "You fluff up my pillows, rub my back with alcohol and kiss me good night."

The young probationer followed the routine to my friend's complete satisfaction.—Mrs. M. Marshall, 21 Bulstrode Street, London, W.1.

HEARD IN THE hardware department of a North London store:

Customer: May I have a nail brush, please?

Assistant: These are button brushes, madam.

Customer: What's the difference?

Assistant: Nail brushes are subject

to purchase tax. Button brushes aren't.

Customer: Oh, well, give me a button brush to scrub my nails.—Ruby Bint, 59 Hollyhedge Bungalows, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.

GOING TO HIS garden gate to recall his dog from the street, my neighbour shouted, "Whisky!"

A youngster playing near by, who could not have been more than five years of age, promptly looked up and answered in a childish treble, "Thanks, Handley, I don't mind if I do."—R. W. Lawson, 105 Evington Drive, Leicester.

OUT SHOPPING with a friend I grumbled about the high cost of flowers. "Grow your own," she said. "You've plenty of ground." I pointed out that flowers grown outdoors here among the mills were too dirty to bring into the house.

"I had some lovely marguerites last year," she said. "You just swish them round in soapy water. When their faces are washed they come up

lovely and clean."—Mrs. L. P., Farnworth, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

AN OLD-TIMER FRIEND of mine who has worked fifty-three years for the railway recently retired. I asked him if they had given him a medal.

"Yes," he replied. "The D.C.M.—Don't Come Monday. That's all."—G. W. Coleman, No. 1 Council House, Hardingham, Norwich.

WALKING INTO our local Food Office recently, an old man of about seventy-five asked if he could have extra rations for his golden wedding anniversary party. "You'll have to fill in a form," said the clerk.

"Right you are," said the old chap, "but I ain't much good at filling in forms. You see, I ain't never 'ad a golden wedding afore."—H. A. Lambert, 72 Allendale Crescent, Potters Bar, Middlesex.

One guinea will be paid on publication for readers' personal experiences reflecting aspects of life in Britain today. Entries should be marked "Island Story."

FREE SPEECH

A father is worried about "office" daughters: deserted wife complains that police won't help her: a way to beat burglars

AS THE FATHER OF two teen-aged daughters trained to undertake so-called "good jobs" in an office, I often wonder if by allowing them to do so I did not make a mistake. They are becoming less and less inclined to help at home.

This "I'm a lady" attitude of girls who work in offices seems fairly general these days. My wife and I have been lenient though firm, but our daughters dodge doing household chores if they possibly can. I wonder if other parents with "office" daughters have a similar problem.—J. G. WEIR, 9 Keppel Road, Chorlton, Manchester.

Contempt of Court?

MY HUSBAND DESERTED me and our baby a few years ago for another woman. The court ordered him to pay maintenance, but nothing has been received for many months.

Now, he has moved to some unknown address and on applying to the court I am told it is my business to find out where he is living and no part of the court's duty.

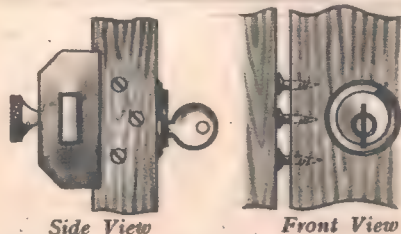
How can a woman with a young child search London for a missing husband? In defying a court order he should surely be sought for contempt.—DESERTED WIFE, Euston, London. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Screwing Down on Crime

SPRING TUMBLER LOCKS, which are today almost universal, present no problem to the burglar. A simple strip of mica to open such locks is in every robber's "bag," and most burglaries are effected by its use.

The answer, recommended by an experienced Scotland Yard inspector, is, however, also simple.

Take three large-headed screws and drive them into the edge of the door:



one above, one level, and one below the spring of the lock. The screws should be about an inch apart. This will prevent the insertion of the mica strip and foil all attempts at forcing back the spring lock.—J. K., Dorking, Surrey. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Bakers Want Wrapped Bread

MRS. R. M. CUTLER, who wrote in JOHN BULL, April 17, asking that bread should be wrapped, has the baker's sympathy.

As branch secretary of the Bakers' Union, I can tell her that both sides of the industry, operatives and master bakers, realize the necessity of wrapping bread, and all modern bakeries are equipped with wrapping machines.

Before the war, over seventy-five per cent of the bread sold in this city was hygienically wrapped in waxed paper directly it came out of the ovens, thus enabling consumers to have fresh bread

on their tables up to two days after baking.

We would all welcome the return of this procedure, as the union has been negotiating for nearly a hundred years for the abolition of night baking. Now, the machines are standing idle due to shortage of waxed paper.—T. R. GARDNER, 2 Lyndale Road, Braunstone, Leicester.

Pop It in the Oven

SINCE BREAD IS NOW unwrapped, I put my loaves in a hot oven to crisp them up. Besides enabling me to remove any surface dirt more easily, I find this improves the flavour.—D. SURRIDGE, 418 Bromley Road, Bromley, Kent.

"Nabob's Chariot"

IRVING WALLACE's article on Rolls-Royce cars (JOHN BULL, April 17) was of great interest to me, as I have a photograph [see cut] taken in India in 1932 of a Rolls



which must, I think, be more ornate than anything mentioned in the article.

I don't know the history of the car or the name of the owner, but I understand that the ornamentation is of gold encrusted with precious jewels.—H. T. BEAL, 1 Tudor Way, Rickmansworth, Herts.

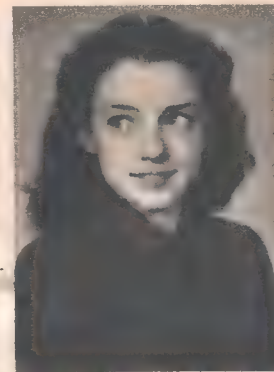
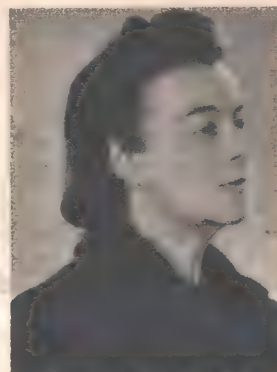
Gardening is Thirsty Work

WITH LONGER HOURS of daylight, the time is now opportune for extending the drinking hours in the summer months until 11 p.m.

Most of us are employed on gardens or at sport during the early hours of the evening and would welcome an hour in the local to finish off the day. Closing time for most of the country is still 10 p.m.—at which time most of us allotmenters are just putting away our tools.—ALBERT PRUST, 19 Glebe Road, Prestbury, Glos.

Children's Clothes Up 400%

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES should be reduced in price. I have two daughters, Patricia, aged twenty, and Margaret,



"Children's clothes cost too much": Mrs. A. Hills (centre), Patricia and Margaret

eleven. For coat, hat, kid gloves, socks, gym slip, gym blouse, gym knickers, vest, petticoat, shoes, handkerchiefs and mac the bill for Patricia in 1939 came to £2 4s. 10d. The cost of the same articles for Margaret this year totalled £8 19s. 6½d.

My husband gives me exactly double the amount of housekeeping money he gave in 1939—and he wonders why we are always hard up.—MRS. ADELINE S. HILLS, 11 John Street, Gravesend, Kent.

"Concealed" Hearing Aid

THANKS TO HARRY HOPKINS for his article "Britain's Forgotten Sixth" (JOHN BULL, April 17).

Generally speaking, the hard of hearing are the most neglected and misunderstood members of our community. We often feel like a race apart. I myself have had increasing deafness for over twenty years and am now almost totally deaf.

I enclose a recent snapshot in which I am wearing my electric hearing aid, the wires of which are well concealed. This is a three-valve set with a 45½-volt battery and microphone, and with this I can hear quite well.—MRS. DOROTHY TOWNEND, Huddersfield Hard of Hearing Club, Glenside, Town End Road, Holmfirth, nr. Huddersfield.

Deaf Are Disabled

HARRY HOPKINS MADE ONE mistake in his otherwise excellent article "Britain's Forgotten Sixth." He stated that the deaf cannot be registered as disabled persons.

In fact, all persons with impaired hearing are entitled to apply for registration under the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act of 1944. This Institute strongly urges all deaf persons, whatever their degree of deafness, to apply to their local office of the Ministry of Labour for the necessary application form for registration under the Act.—G. W. LILBURN, National Institute for the Deaf, 105 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

Slogan for Flower-Lovers

I WAS REMINDED of your leader "Spare the Flowers" (JOHN BULL, April 3) when on a recent country walk with my husband, who is Polish, we came across a clump of white violets. I was busily gathering all I could, when my husband said, "Enough—we must leave some for God."

I pass this on to you as a useful slogan for all who wish to see our wild flowers



"Deaf feel like a race apart": Mrs. Dorothy Townend, who says she can hear quite well with a hearing aid

protected.—MRS. J. B., Norfolk. (Full name and address enclosed.)

She's Nauseated . . .

EVERY TIME I read one of Herbert Hodge's articles I get a nauseous feeling just glancing at Ronald Searle's ridiculous illustrations.

Who on earth ever saw people with such large bodies, thin legs, tiny feet, and elongated shoulders as those he depicts each week?—MRS. E. SHARPLES, 9 Baldwin Street, Lower Ince, nr. Wigan, Lancs.

. . . He's Surprised

I AM SURPRISED THAT such trivial and undignified illustrations appear each week with Herbert Hodge's sound and sensible articles.

From an artistic point of view the drawings are simply absurd, and apart from this some are more suggestive than humorous—the one, for instance, in JOHN BULL, April 10, showing a man making love to a woman on a couch.

This type of art is quite out of keeping with Herbert Hodge's rugged, common-sense style. I am sure the author could make far better use of the space than the artist. What do other readers think about this?—W. F. CROSSLAND, 65 Argyle Road, Sheffield, 8.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

WITH MY FEET UP



Crisis Averted

RECENT EVENTS in M'bonga M'bonga, little known outside official circles, threatened to evolve into an international incident of the first magnitude (well, second magnitude anyway). It began when Big Chief M'ping M'pong sent a note asserting full territorial rights over the village of Upper Lowdown, in one of Britain's most rural areas.

The menace to the neighbouring village of Lower Updown was clear. In fact, so strong were the rumours that something near to panic spread even as far as the inhabitants (both of them) of Middle Downup.

Big Chief M'ping M'pong based his claim on a story that his grandfather had boiled and eaten a missionary whose home was in Upper Lowdown.

The Big Chief threatened to send over the M'bonga M'bonga air force (a plane originally constructed by the late Orville Wright as an experiment) to back up his demands.

Immediately the Admiralty made plans to send a couple of battleships and an aircraft carrier to Upper Lowdown to protect the inhabitants. However, it was discovered that the sole approach to the village by water was via a small stream navigable only by a small boy in Wellington boots.

So, instead, a strongly worded reply was sent to Big Chief M'ping M'pong demanding that the dispute be settled by a fifteen Power plebiscite to take place in 1956.

The Big Chief's reply was understood to say that his grandfather's heap big tummy absorbed heap big missionary and so he himself wanted heap big village and big village heap as well. In heap big hurry, too.

The Foreign Office sent a reply suggesting that the plebiscite be moved forward to 1952 with twenty-seven Powers taking part.

The Chief's reply was terse. He was sending immediately fourteen canoes full of warriors who would throw a barrier of poisoned spears across the corridor between Upper Lowdown and Lower Updown.

Immediately the inhabitants of the two villages were evacuated and a detachment of Marines, escorting Sir Smythe Smith-Smythe, governor of M'plinka M'plonka, flew to see the Big Chief in person. Eventually the whole thing was settled for some beads, a box camera, two top hats and a mouth organ. The world breathed again.

by Ian Fox



HOBBIES AT HOME

by KAY SMALLSHAW

HOW COULD SHE get her husband to take an interest in the home? That was the heart cry in a letter I received the other day from a woman acquaintance.

She had no complaints, she wrote, about not being given a helping hand. Her husband was always ready to wash up or to give her breakfast in bed on Sundays. He was tidy about the house; he didn't drop ash all over the place; he was appreciative of her efforts.

If she altered the furniture or bought something fresh from her housekeeping money he would always say: "Very nice, dear" when she pointed it out. But that was just it; she *had* to point it out—and do the buying.

"If only he'd suggest something or bring a present for the home sometimes," she wrote. "He's not mean, but he looks on the house as my sphere, and it's so dull to do everything on one's own."

Talking over the subject with my husband, and thinking of others we know, we came to the conclusion that it is only through his hobbies that the average man will take an interest in the home.

You may retort: "Suppose a man is an outdoor type, keen on sport or gardening? Or say he only enjoys making model aeroplanes or railway engines, which need an elaborate work bench?" A problem, certainly, but most pursuits have an indoor side, and a work bench doesn't take up all that room.

A friend of my husband's who did, in fact, make model engines managed to

secure, just before the war, several of the name-plates taken from old engines sent to the breaking-up yard. When his spoils, each of them some five feet long, arrived home he was a bit dubious of their reception. His wife, however, did not condemn them to the lumber room, but suggested they'd show off well on the walls of the passages and staircase.

Since then they've moved, and their children are now also railway devotees, so that the engine plates have a place of honour in their room, an object of envy and admiration to all their friends.

Bought at Country Sale

This particular friend sold his model-making kit when he went into the Army and has since had various other enthusiasms. At one time during the war he was stationed in the country and got interested in horse brasses. At a country sale he managed to pick up some good ones on the original leathers.

On his next leave they tried the effect in various places and finally decided they looked best in the hall. "When you've got a good polish on them they'll look fine," said his wife. Now she points out "John's horse brasses," and adds: "Yes, he keeps them looking so lovely himself."

Pewter tankards were the first step in making a very mannish type home-proud. After a visit to a country pub where some fine specimens were in use, his wife pointed out a similar pair in an antique shop window and offered to buy them

JOHN BULL May 8 1948

Polishing horse brasses: they can keep a man happy in the house and brighten the hallway as well

for him as a Christmas present. He enjoyed using them when his friends dropped in, but decided two weren't enough, so looked around for more to complete the set.

Once get into the habit of looking in antique or junk shop windows and you start to buy, and soon find yourself on the way to becoming a collector. And it's a short step from beer mugs to an oak dresser on which to show them off properly.

So before long the pewter pot fancier finds himself stripping down and polishing a piece of furniture on which to display his collection.

Of course, not all men are so considerate as to become interested in something which may be turned to good account in the furnishing scheme. It's surprising, though, what can be done. All those who make things, from model galleons to clocks in novelty cases, will be only too glad of an opportunity to display them where they may be seen by all.

Here some give and take may be expedient. If the model aeroplane looks out of place in a lounge furnished to feminine taste, what about the dining room? And what better place is there for a display of the ancient firearms that give so much pleasure to many men? On wet evenings an hour or so can be happily whiled away in taking them down and giving them a shine before putting them in a fresh position.

So the suggestion I shall offer to the woman who bemoans her husband's indifference to the home is: "Encourage your husband in an indoor hobby or start him off on the collecting road."

It Makes for Economy

Is all this going to work out very expensive? It needn't. In fact, by and large, a husband who finds his pleasures at home will prove far less extravagant than the one who takes them outside.

The only thing is that the wife who likes her husband to enjoy the home as much as she does will have to be adaptable. She must not mind when her sitting room becomes a workshop, a museum or a studio, in turn or all at once.

At the moment the studio is the centre of interest in our home. After reading a book on the toy theatre my husband has bought himself sets of the original Victorian "penny plain" sheets of characters and scenes.

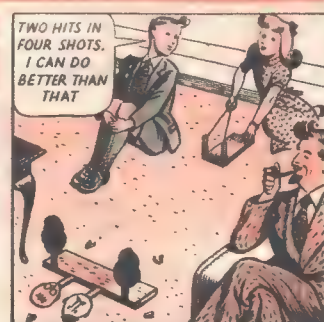
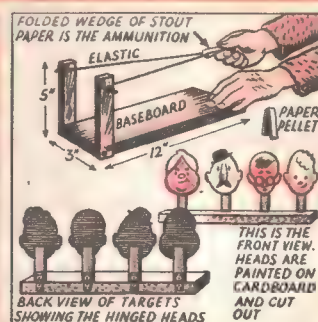
He now spends his spare evenings with a paint box, turning them into "tuppence coloured" ones.

I think theatrical prints will look rather attractive framed and hung in the bedroom. The existing flower pictures are everybody's choice, and it's time we had a change!

There's no limit to the range of hobbies that can find an outlet indoors, keeping a husband happily busy and as interested in the home as his wife.

UNCLE ANDY

All the Fun of the Fair



A SPIRITED ENCOUNTER

by John Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY, WATSON

Joe had fooled the Customs so long, he forgot the folly of taking anything at face value

ONE raw winter afternoon three men stood together at the gate of the Atlantic Commerce Company's docks, watching the battered freighter *Griselda* warp in to Ocean Jetty.

"Now there's a bright 'un on that there ship!" said Sergeant Briggs of the docks police. "There's a feller on her that's been robbing the Government right and left for years."

"Yes. That's as true as I stand here!" said Customs Officer Clack, supporting the sergeant with querulous emphasis. "I've been on this gate a twelvemonth now, and that skunk's been coming in and out all the time. And the stuff he's got ashore! I don't know how he does it—it's a lick to me!"

"It's a liquor all right," said Sergeant Briggs, with ponderous wit. Ernest Clack sniffed.

"Oh, we've heard about it all right—when it's been too late," he said, "and that's as far as we get! Not that he brings it out himself; not right under my nose anyway! Nobody could hope to get away with that—!"

Here Mr. Clack broke off to blow the long, thin nose which nobody could hope to get anything out under, and the third member of the trio took the opportunity of asking: "What's this man's name?"

The speaker was Customs Officer Millins, who had just been appointed to add his nose to that of Mr. Clack. Mr. Millins's nose, however, was far from impressive. It did not even look inquisitive. It was, in fact, but a babyish button of a nose.

Nor, to tell the truth, did Mr. Millins look in any respect like a true bloodhound of His Majesty's Customs Service. He was a tubby, chubby little fellow whose round face wore a habitual expression of slightly bewildered good humour. Mr. Clack, whose professional pride had been hurt by the suggestion that he needed an "assistant," had already summed up Mr. Millins far from favourably.

"Name?" Mr. Clack now said with more than a hint of scorn. "Strewth! I thought everybody had heard of that skunk! Joe, that's what his name is, and they call him 'Joe Plenty,' for obvious reasons. Yes—he's a skunk all right! Part human, and part lubricating oil! He's steward to the *Griselda*'s skipper. No right-thinking skipper would have a rat like that aboard, but Captain McKelvie's a contrary, fat-bellied old so-and-so that worships his stomach—and Joe Plenty sees he does all right!"

Mr. Millins beamed and waved vaguely in the direction of the *Griselda*.

"What's that she's carrying on top of her forrard hold?" he asked.

Sergeant Briggs laughed in a deep,



"Aw, come on, Officer! There'll be a bottle for you," said the tempter. But Mr. Millins drew back nervously

rumbling bass. "What—that?" he asked. "Why, that's old McKelvie's car, if you please! You watch, as soon as the ship's secured they'll swing it out on a derrick and dump it on the dock. Then it'll be in and out of here all the time. Anybody in the ship uses it that feels like it! Talk about Fred Karno's Navy! Regular taxi, that thing is!"

Then the three men were silent for a while, until Mr. Millins said, with a somewhat uncertain smile:

"Well, if you can spare me a little while, Mr. Clack, I'll take a stroll around. Er—investigate the lie of the land, you know!"

"I can spare you," said Customs Officer Clack drily. Then, as the tubby little figure walked rather undecidedly away, he turned to Sergeant Briggs and added, with a contemptuous snort: "Investigate the lie of the land, eh? Why, that little squirt couldn't investigate a steak-and-kidney pudding!"

Sergeant Briggs drew a deep breath.

"Well, I could, Ernie boy!" he declared. "Roll on supper-time!"

It happened as Sergeant Briggs had prophesied. A little later during the afternoon the tarpaulin and lashings were removed from Captain McKelvie's car, and it was swung out on to the jetty. In the early evening it came trundling towards the dock gates, where only Mr. Millins was visible, a plump and forlorn figure in the gathering dusk. Mr. Clack, still aggrieved, was sulking in the Customs office over a cup of dark brown tea.

ON that trip the car was driven by Joe Plenty. He was alone, and he stopped obediently enough outside the Customs office. A moment later he was mildly surprised to see, instead of the stern, spinsterish features of Mr. Clack, the round, moon-face of Mr. Millins peering timidly in at him.

"Are you going out?" asked Mr. Millins.

Joe grinned. "That's right, Officer," he said easily.

Mr. Millins's pleasure at being addressed as "Officer" was almost pathetically apparent. Joe's grin broadened, and he asked: "You new here?"

Mr. Millins beamed.

"Yes," he said. "I've only been here two days."

Joe meditated for a moment. Then he said: "Well, you'll see a good bit of me. Hope we'll understand each other, eh?"

"Oh, I hope so," said Mr. Millins fervently.

In the gloom of the driving seat Joe shook hands with himself. It was too easy. Then he leaned towards the window.

"Say, Officer," he whispered, "any objection if I run a little liquor out in this old bus tomorrow night? It's the captain's golden wedding, see, and he wants to give a party. Of course he wants it to be a good party—doesn't want to disappoint his poor old woman, who's had a lifetime of worry what with him being at sea and everything—"

BUT Mr. Millins had drawn back. He looked sad and nervous.

"Good heavens, no!" he said. "You mustn't ask me to do a thing like that!"

"Aw, come on, Officer!" begged Joe. "You don't have to do anything except shut your eyes! And think of the poor old lady!"

"Yes, but—" stammered Mr. Millins, clearly distressed, "you don't know what you're saying! You're asking me to neglect my duty—aid and abet—"

Here Mr. Millins broke off abruptly.

"There'll be a bottle for you," said Joe.

"No, no. I couldn't—not possibly," whispered Mr. Millins. But he seemed markedly less decided now, and Joe, sensing that he had made some impression, followed up his advantage quickly. He felt cautiously inside his raincoat.

"You can have it now, if you like," he said, rather in the manner of a favourite uncle distributing pocket-money. "How about it? It's real liquor, man, the best! You can't buy it!"

At that Mr. Millins gulped and was silent. Joe, certain that victory was his, pulled out something wrapped in newspaper. But Mr. Millins shied again.

"No, no!" he whispered urgently. "Not here! I can't take it here!" He drew a deep breath. "But I'll tell you

what. If you'd be kind enough to take it round to the 'Five Steps' and leave it for me with Clarry the barmaid. . . ."

Joe smiled and put the package back inside his coat. Looking out at Mr. Millins's still anxious face, he thought: The old twister. He don't say no to a drop, in spite of his sawny look!

"'Five Steps'?" Joe asked. "Where's that?"

"Corner of Drawbridge Road," whispered Mr. Millins, "on the waterfront."

"Are the folks there O.K.?" Joe asked.

Mr. Millins couldn't speak, but he managed to nod vigorously.

As the *Griselda*'s "taxi" sped along Ferry Road, Joe whistled a cheery little tune through his teeth. No doubt little fat-face thought he was being smart, getting a bottle for nothing, after which he would show his gratitude by having half the Customs Service waiting at the gate next evening! Joe stopped whistling and laughed out loud. Customs officers! Wonder where they got 'em? Solid ivory from the neck up! Tell 'em what you're going to do tomorrow and they don't even think about what you may be doing today!

FOR the truth was that at that moment Joe had three very interesting cases under the back seat of the car.

After a while he turned down towards South Pier. All he had to do now was deliver the goods and collect the cash. Easy? It was almost an insult!

A few minutes later Joe drove the car into a haulage contractor's yard, got out, and made his way to a small, shabby villa on the corner of the yard and the street. He went straight in by the side door.

Sarah Wilkes was in the kitchen. Joe threw down his cap and said breezily:

"Lo, Sarah. Nobby home?"

Sarah turned, and it was then Joe saw from her face that something was wrong.

"He got picked up," Sarah said harshly.

Joe's grin vanished. "Picked up?"

"That's what I said!"

"And Alf?" Joe asked quickly.

"Him, too."

At that Joe dropped down on to a chair

OH, JOHNNY!



by TIM

beside the bare deal table. Both of 'em. Both run in! The only two he knew who would take the stuff! What the devil was he going to do? It was not only a question of the three cases he had with him—those were only his personal perks, so to speak, a little something on which he wouldn't have to split half a dozen ways. But the big lot—thirty cases—was coming out the next night by the regular route, and there was nowhere for it to go!

As though she scented danger, Sarah suddenly said: "You're not leaving anything here!"

Joe scowled. "All right, all right. I ain't that stupid!"

Then for a considerable time he sat silent, ignoring Sarah, who obviously only wanted him to get out of her house. Desperately he cudgelled his brains, beating his open palm against his forehead. And then, all at once, it came to him. That place! What was it? The "Five Steps"! Fat-face had said they were all right there. He knew they'd take a bottle anyway, and if a bottle why not three cases? Why not thirty?

Joe brought his hand down and smacked the top of the table gently.

The "Five Steps" was biggish and noisy, full of men from the ships and the yards. In the public bar a stout, red-faced elderly man and a slight, dark young woman of about thirty were serving. Joe wondered if this was Clarry. He bought a pint of bitter and sat down to find out.

"Hey, Clarry! Bring us a dozen clean glasses, will you?" called the man.

So that was that! Joe finished his pint quickly, took his glass back, and ordered

another. When the dark young woman brought it, he said quietly: "Here, Miss. Do you know a Customs feller at the Atlantic Commerce Company gate?"

Clarry looked at him coolly. "I do. Why?"

Joe slid something wrapped in newspaper across the bar-top. "Present for him," he said. "Don't open it here."

CLARRY took the package as unobtrusively as it was offered. She did not seem surprised. In fact, she laughed. "Been up to his tricks again, has he?" she asked softly.

Joe grinned. Then he leaned closer. "Say—d'you know where I could leave a drop on my own account?"

Clarry did not hesitate. "Leave it with me," she suggested.

Joe looked a little embarrassed. "Well, I think there's a drop too much for that."

"How much?"

"Several cases," said Joe. He knew he was taking a risk, but he had no alternative.

But still Clarry did not seem in the least disconcerted. "You'd better see Pa," she said.

Five minutes later, in the back room, Joe saw Pa.

"Well?" said Pa, rubbing his hands.

"What is it?"

"Brandy," said Joe.

"How much?"

"Couple o' dozen cases or so."

Pa whistled and looked thoughtful.

Joe guessed he was working out his cut.

Then Pa said: "Well, we can take care of it for you."

"Where?" asked Joe. "Here?"

Pa made a disgusted sound. "No. We got a place."

"Safe?"

Pa looked keenly at Joe for a moment.

Then he bellowed with laughter. "Safe! Listen, the stuff'll be as safe as if it was in bond!"

Joe could hardly believe his luck. And yet, for a fleeting second he became suspicious.

"Here," he asked, "how is it I ain't heard of you before?"

Pa laid a paternal hand on Joe's shoulder.

"Listen, young 'un," he said gently, "if you're any good at this game no one ever hears of you."

When Joe drove up to the dock gates the next evening, he found an all-too-familiar face peering in at him.

"What you got?" asked Ernie Clack suspiciously.

Joe grinned. "Thirty cases o' Napoleon brandy."

"Now then, don't be funny!" admonished Ernie. "Come on, let's have a look!"

"Look to your little heart's delight," said Joe co-operatively.

The searching of the car, followed by the searching of Joe himself, took about a quarter of an hour, and at the end of that time Joe drove out of the dock gates as free a man as ever. Moreover, he was very pleased with himself. Earlier in the day he had had a hectic time getting in touch with the boys to tell them of the new rendezvous, but he had managed it, and now all was plain sailing.

Driving by a circuitous route, he at last

arrived at the "Five Steps," and went in by the back way, as Pa had told him to do.

Pa, who had more important things to do that evening than serve behind the bar, was sitting in front of the parlour fire in his shirt sleeves, reading the evening paper while he waited. He dropped the paper on the floor beside his chair as Joe came in, and stood up.

"Shocking thing, this black market," Pa said gravely. "Well, son? How's it going?"

Joe snapped his fingers. "Like a dream. Lorry'll be here any minute. It's too easy, ain't it?"

"Much too easy," said Pa.

Perhaps ten minutes passed, and then there came the sound of a lorry drawing up in the side road running past the back of the "Five Steps."

"That's it!" said Joe.

Pa struggled into his jacket.

"Let's go," he said briefly.

THEY went out, and climbed without speaking up into the cab of the lorry. There were two men there already, and with Pa's bulk it was a tight squeeze.

The lorry jolted away and swung into Drawbridge Road. Then, after half a mile or so, it turned off, and the driver, directed by Pa, began to thread his way through a maze of mean streets.

"Nice district," said Joe appreciatively.

At last the lorry turned into a cul-de-sac, at the far end of which it stopped before the high doors of a building which loomed black and gigantic against the night sky.

"All change," said Pa.

Joe peered round him as he got out.

"Some place, eh?" he said, with whistled enthusiasm.

"Some place," agreed Pa. "Now, boys—"

Joe never knew precisely what happened next. The brilliant beam of a torch

flashed suddenly in his face, he heard a voice shout "Get 'em!" and then he found himself struggling quite ineffectively in the grip of someone who was depressingly more powerful than himself.

From the amount of cursing and shouting going on nearby it seemed that "the boys" were in the same unfortunate predicament.

Then the same voice shouted again: "Let's have some light around here!"

A moment later the lorry's headlights were switched on. Somewhat pallid in their light, but still undeniably cherubic, the round face of Mr. Millins smiled sadly at Joe.

"Thanks, Joe, for your trouble. We couldn't have done better ourselves."

And thereupon, directing the beam of his powerful torch up into the gloom above the high doors, Mr. Millins revealed to Joe's astonished eyes this notice:

H.M. CUSTOMS
BONDED WAREHOUSE
No. 5

"So they call you a 'special investigator,' eh?" asked Pa. "Sort of Customs Scotland Yard, I suppose?"

Clarry, Pa, the detective inspector, and Mr. Millins were sitting comfortably in the parlour of the "Five Steps."

"Yes. Something like that," agreed Mr. Millins.

"Well," Pa went on, "all I can say is—it was a very neat job!"

Mr. Millins looked embarrassed.

"Oh, there was nothing to it, really," he said. "We simply picked up Joe's two contacts and suggested a third. Joe swallowed it like a starving mackerel, and as soon as he came round here, Clarry received him and turned him over to you, sir."

Pa grinned and looked across at Clarry.

"And how did you like being a barmaid, Mrs. Millins?" he asked.

Clarry smiled.

"It was fun," she said. "I love to help if I can."

"That's the ticket!" said Pa. Then, noticing that the detective inspector's glass was empty, he said: "Have another drink, Inspector?"

The detective inspector cleared his throat.

"Good of you," he said. "That's a very fine drop of brandy you've got there!"

"The finest," admitted Pa, lifting the bottle. "You can't buy stuff like it nowadays."

What they say about MARRIAGE

A community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves, making in all two.—*Ambrose Bierce.*

Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.—*Sidney Smith.*

She would have made a splendid wife, for crying only made her eyes more bright.—*O. Henry.*

A successful marriage is an edifice that must be rebuilt every day.—*André Maurois.*

A wise woman will always let her husband have her way.—*Sheridan.*

Good husbands make unhappy wives. So do bad husbands, just as

often; but the unhappiness of a wife with a good husband is much more devastating than the unhappiness of a wife with a bad husband.—*D. H. Lawrence.*

A man who enters his wife's dressing-room is either a philosopher or a fool.—*Balzac.*

It is amazing to what extent a married couple, living after all the same life, can remain strangers to one another.—*André Gide.*

Bachelors have consciences; married men have wives.—*H. L. Mencken.*

Man and Woman may only enter Paradise hand in hand. Together, the myth tells us, they left it, and together they must return.—*Richard Garnett.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER



ART, one feels, might so far have played no large part in the life of the man whose comprehensive back occupies part of A. R. Thomson's painting. But it will. He is an habitu  of a Chelsea pub, and Chelsea pubs are to have more art. Brewers are happy: "Looking at modern art is thirsty work." And the painters are happy: "Such shows bring art to people who would normally never enter a gallery." One Chelsea artist is now arranging an exhibition of "moderns" in provincial public houses

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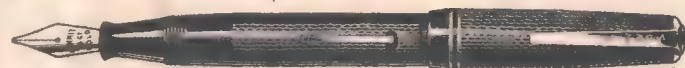
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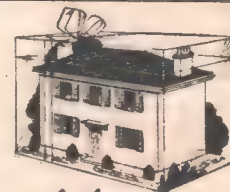
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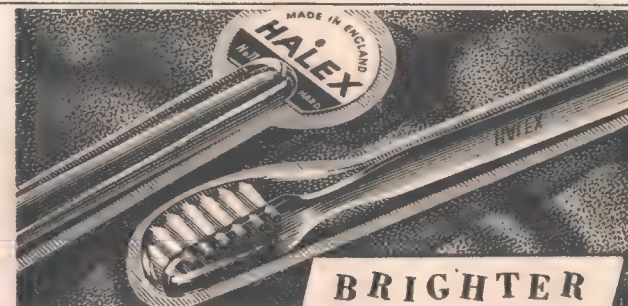
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AS I WAS SAYING... by HERBERT HODGE

Eager to start afresh, Cezanne would cast aside picture after picture—perhaps making sure that they were rescued for posterity



Lovely Kind Of Life, Eh?

IT MUST BE a twelvemonth, now, since I wrote here about writing, thinking that it would end the requests for advice on how to succeed as a writer. But still they come.

There are also requests for advice on how to succeed at other things—though it's still mainly writing. And as success in anything, it seems to me, demands much the same sort of mental approach, I thought I'd have another go at the problem on more general lines.

Most of these correspondents say to me, in effect: "Once you were a taxi-driver. Now you're a writer. You must be making quite a bit of money, and living a lovely kind of life. This is exactly what I've always wanted. Please tell me how you managed it—giving full particulars. A stamped envelope is enclosed."

Or am I being unfair? I don't think so. That, I think, is the real thought underlying many of these letters: "How can I lead that lovely life?" Not "How can I become a good writer?"

People who want to be skilled writers would never dream of writing to me to ask how it's done. Or I don't think they would. They're too busy trying to do it. Besides, they probably think my stuff's lousy; not fit to be seen in the same world as their own—if, of course, they ever bother to read me.

But that's by the way. The question is: How did I manage to get myself into the position of actually getting paid for the stuff I write? Though, mind you, I've got no guarantee that it's going to last; I may have to start working for my living again at any moment. That's why (like an old friend of mine, a barber who, as an amateur, played the villain in my first play, and is now a successful West End actor) I still keep my hand in at the old job.

The fact is, I don't know how I

managed it. I don't believe I did manage it. I'm inclined to think it was mostly luck. There's an enormous amount of luck in this sort of thing. And I've certainly never had any talent for what people call "getting on." When opportunity knocks at the door, my first impulse is to get under the table. I don't want to trouble. I want to be left in peace. It's the writing I'm interested in; and very little else.

Eager Hands Waited

They say that Cezanne, the French painter, sitting at work in his garden, and trying to get the effects he wanted, would throw aside picture after picture in his anxiety to try again with the next. And they say, too, that if kind friends hadn't rescued these pictures (thus earning the gratitude of posterity) Cezanne would have left them lying on the ground to rot.

Knowing a few artists, I think maybe he kept a corner of his eye on these pictures—just in case his admiring friends overlooked one. But I've always liked the story. And if anyone really

wants to be successful—as distinct from enjoying what they imagine the life of the successful to be—I think that story should tell them a lot.

I remember picking up an evening paper, a few months ago, and being mildly amused by the headline: "Glasgow Typist Becomes West End Star Overnight." It headed a story about Eileen Herlie, and her success in the Coc-teau play, *The Eagle Has Two Heads*.

I was amused because I'd worked with Eileen Herlie. If I'd been writing that headline, I should have written: "Glasgow Typist, After Years of Superhuman Slogging, plus a lot of Good Acting, is at last Taken Notice Of by the Critics. And About Time, Too!"

Which isn't quite the same thing. Besides, it's much too long for a headline, and much too unromantic for what's called "the average reader."

Overnight Success

We all know what work is. Nobody wants to read about that. It's the overnight success we like. We want to know what brand of lipstick she uses; and how she managed to meet a theatrical producer. If only we can find out these important details, we, too, may become stars overnight.

I'm pleased that I recognized the quality of Eileen Herlie almost as soon as I set eyes on her—a rather heavily built girl in an old overcoat, rehearsing again and again a few lines from *Hamlet*, in a cold, dirty and draughty hall in a Liverpool slum. Not because of the acting. The rehearsals had hardly got as far as acting. It went deeper than that. After watching her behaviour for half an hour under the stress of that rehearsal, I felt she'd got it in her—the patience, perseverance, do-or-die determination, *plus* that subtle something people sometimes call a "gift."

The only thing I didn't know was how much gift. Not even Eileen herself can know that—until she's proved it. And, of course, her opportunities to prove it will depend mainly on her luck.

You've got to have the luck. But you also need something to energize the luck when it jumps your way. Otherwise it simply bounces off again.

Just the luck, and something to make it work. That's all there is to it. But I'm not sure that I know what that something is. And even if I did, I couldn't put it into an envelope—not even a stamped envelope. I only wish I could. I'd start a correspondence school. "Success Guaranteed!"

But, of course, I'd make my pupils pay me in advance—just in case they didn't have the luck.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Requisitioned Railings

A READER RAISES A QUERY which will be of interest to those who had their railings removed during the war. He asks:

"Is it too late to apply for compensation for my iron railings and gate which were requisitioned for scrap?"

The requisition of gates and railings was discontinued in September, 1944. The statutory limit for lodging claims is six months from the date upon which the requisitions became effective.

However, it has now been decided by the Minister of Works that claims can be considered until June 1 next. After that date they cannot be entertained and no further extension of time will be granted.

In the London region, application forms can be obtained from the Assistant Director of Lands and Accommodation (Salvage), 44 Lowndes Square, S.W.1.

In other regions and Wales and Scotland, they can be obtained from the regional compensation surveyors.

Our team of experts will solve queries (except medical) sent to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply

Continued from previous page

meetings were summoned; for the totos held theirs under a mango tree just around the corner. And Matthew was absent from this latter meeting just as the Bishop was absent from the former. He did not want to do anything more to put his confirmation in jeopardy.

The first meeting began soberly enough. The Attorney-General described what had happened, and was gracious enough to add that he was quite certain that his opponent had no idea what had been going on. It had been going on all the same and it was time that they did something about it.

If he might make the suggestion, a local rule was required to put the onus on the player to see that there was no infringement of the rules. As he was well versed in drafting such regulations, he would, if they agreed, frame the rule himself; and he proposed that the following should be adopted:

"A match should not be influenced under the Rules of Golf by anything an African caddie may do contrary to those rules."

So far the committee had been giving the Attorney-General his head. He was technically in the right, and they were prepared to let him have anything he wanted—except the silver cup. So they approved the wording of the local rule.

The Attorney-General thought it would be a mistake to prolong the discussion unnecessarily; so he then got up and said that it was a pity the championship had gone to him by default; but as it had, he supposed he had better take the cup home with him.

It was then that the shouting (for which the totos had been listening around the corner) really began in earnest. Somebody got up and said like hell he would! The Attorney-General suggested that he should moderate his language, and the man repeated like hell he'd do that, too!

When the immediate uproar subsided, the Bank Manager took charge. He observed acidly that of the two finalists they already knew that the Attorney-General was the better lawyer, and also that the Bishop was the more Christian.

What they didn't know was which was the better golfer, and that was just what they wanted to find out, wasn't it? More shouting and loud cheers followed this. Very well then, the Bank Manager went on, they would have a replay of the match the next day. *Without any totos*. That ought to satisfy everybody.

So the next day the totos were banished from the course and the match was replayed. It was really more like an old-fashioned duel than a game of golf, for each contestant had two seconds.

The Bishop had the Chief Justice to carry his clubs and the Director of Surveys to mark his ball, while the Attorney-General had the Secretary for Agriculture for the first purpose and the Chief Botanist for the second. The game that followed was a complete shambles.

Not only did the Director of Surveys and the Chief Botanist not tee the balls in the rough; but very often they did not even find them. When the Bishop won on the last green, his approximate score for the eighteen holes was ninety-one to the Attorney-General's ninety-three—which, judging from their earlier averages, seemed to show that if a toto as fore-caddie was worth eleven strokes to the Bishop, he was worth at least thirteen to the Attorney-General.

Anyway, the Bishop won and Matthew was confirmed. The latter looked up most soulfully as the Bishop laid his hands on his head; and the Bishop, thinking of the silver cup on his dining-room table, firmly pressed the head down before he blessed him.

He could not bear to see the butter melting in those big brown eyes.

DOG WATCH

YOU'VE got to keep an eye on a dog—if he's a dog with any spirit of enquiry and adventure! He can't help getting into scraps and scrapes now and then. He's bound to sidle in occasionally from heaven-knows-where looking like a dirty doormat—and that means washing and grooming. He's sure to limp home sometimes with a great thorn in his foot—and that means a bit of first aid.

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